Tom Cruise

MINORITY REPORT

By

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Based on the short story by Phillip K. Dick

Directed by Steven Spielberg

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DARKNESS

And then, slowly emerging from the mists of darkness, a pale, beautifully proportioned FACE.

The oval face is female, a woman of indeterminate age, her features as fragile as porcelain. Her eyes are closed in sleep, or in death ... or in something in between.

Now TWO MORE FACES emerge out of the darkness. They are male, and they float into position on either side of the female. They are just as ethereally beautiful, just as pale, and like the female, their eyes are closed.

The ghostly lips of the female begin to twitch. Her features, which have been expressionless, suddenly contort, mask-like, into the face of a woman in fear. Her eyes open.

The male face on her right contorts too. His features warp into an angry snarl -- the mask of a man enraged. His eyes open.

The male face on her left takes on the expression of a young boy, a boy who is terribly frightened. His eyes open wide.

As if they are lost in the same terrible waking dream, a sudden and unnerving exchange begins ...

FEMALE
(frightened woman)
Johnny, please --

MALE RIGHT
(mocking man)
"Johnny, please. Johnny please."

FEMALE
You're scaring me.

MALE LEFT
(child's voice)
Daddy, don't. Daddy --

MALE RIGHT
(considering)
I don't like you any more, Carol.

FEMALE
(imploring)
Put the scissors down. You're <u>scaring</u> me. Please.

MALE RIGHT
Oh, Carol.

FEMALE
Johnny! Stop!

MALE RIGHT
Don't grab at me! Let --

MALE LEFT
Daddy! No!

All we see are three faces on the screen mouthing words -- but we can imagine a terrible struggle taking place before us: a man with scissors lunging at his wife, her anguished scream, the whimpering cries of their son.

And then there is silence, and it is over, and the three faces instantly return to their impassive porcelain state. Their eyes slowly close. They do not move.

So that when they do move again, it is startling. In abrupt unison, the EYES flash open. Three pairs of eyes stare straight at us, accusing.

Three mouths open, but speak, in rasping tones, as one.

ALL THREE
Murderer!

The faces linger a moment, the weary eyes slowly close, and the dark reaches forth, and takes them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

Morning in America. Just look at it. America in the mid-fifties, the suburban landscape stretching endlessly into the sun drenched distance. White house upon white house. Emerald lawns, glistening with dew.

In each driveway, a big Chevy, or a Ford, muscled with chrome, long tailfins that taper like the fins on rocket ships.

Kids burst out of the houses, and zoom down sidewalks on trikes. Mothers in bright dresses stand in doorways, watching. The smiling mothers wave to one another, then go back into their houses.

Dogs bark, birds sing in trees of just the right height, boys and girls laugh and ring the bells on their trikes. It is a delicious world, where dogs and birds and children are safe.

INT. A HOUSE

A family room with all the trappings of the era: a flagstone fireplace, a console TV, a man's leatherette Barca-Lounger, a pipe stand holding two pipes on a nearby table, boxes of children's games neatly stacked on a wall shelf.

A young mother, CAROL, her hair in a pony-tail, stands at a picture window in a corner of the family room, staring mildly at the scene outside.

CAROL'S POV - A LITTLE GIRL

A little girl bounces a red ball on the sidewalk. The ball gets away from her, and rolls into the street.

At the same moment, a two-toned CHEVY, lush and huge, rounds the corner.

The girl sees the car coming, but still goes after the ball.

THE FAMILY ROOM

Carol sees what is about to happen -- but she doesn't cry out, or bang on the window, or run for the front door. She watches. And smiles a little.

OUTSIDE

The girl careens gleefully into the middle of the street.

INSIDE THE CHEVY

The driver -- a man in a loose fitting dark green suit, white shirt, thin brown tie -- sits behind the steering wheel of the car.

Disturbingly, the man's hands are not on the steering wheel. Not only that, he is holding the morning newspaper up in front of him, reading, oblivious to the scene before him.

Through the windshield, we see the little girl in the road in front of him, going for her ball.

CAROL

watches, her smile in place.

OUTSIDE

The little girl picks up her red ball, as the Chevy bears down on her.

INSIDE THE CHEVY

An alarm suddenly CHIRPS. The car automatically brakes to a halt. The man looks around the edge of his paper to see what is happening.

THE STREET

The car has stopped, inches from the girl.

The girl giggles as the man in the car gives her a big wink. She waves, then runs back to the sidewalk with her red ball.

The man goes back to his newspaper, and the car, entirely on its own, starts up again. The car rounds a corner, and disappears.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Carol turns away from the window. She startles when she sees her husband, JOHNNY, is there behind her. He is in his pajamas. How long has he been there, watching her?

JOHNNY
(gruff)
Why'd you let me sleep so long?

CAROL
It's Saturday, Johnny, you always --
(beat)
Why are you staring at me like that?

He takes a step toward her. He stands there, his thick black hair tousled with sleep, scratching his stubbled jaw, considering her.

JOHNNY
I'm unhappy that you let me sleep so long.

He takes another step toward her. She doesn't move a muscle. A little BOY suddenly enters the room. Johnny turns, looks at his son, looks back over his shoulder at his wife. Then, without a word, he begins to walk out of the room.

On his way out, Johnny's eyes flick to Carol's sewing basket, which sits beside a sewing machine. It is not the sewing that has caught his attention, but a large pair of garment SCISSORS which lie across a fold of colored cloth.

EXT. THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Johnny stands on the front porch, scratching. He walks down his front walk, and bends over to pick up the newspaper. Carol stands in the doorway, watching him.

A SHADOW slides over Johnny, cast from above. The air fills with the piercing WHINE of an engine. Johnny looks up, alarmed.

In the sky above him, just beyond the tips of the suburban trees, is a black PRECRIME POLICE HOVERCRAFT.

The children, the mothers, Carol in the doorway -- everyone freezes in place, as Johnny is cast into an inexplicable drama.

Racing SOUNDLESSLY down the street toward him, are SLEEK TECHNOLOGICAL MARVELS, lethal and efficient looking -- they seem to be cars -- but they are so different from the fat Fords and Chevies in the driveways that it is hard for us to process them.

Helmeted police with mirrored visors erupt out of the cars. More police drop from the hovercraft in harnesses. Their uniforms are black, seem actually to absorb light. Their left hands are bare, their right hands are encased in some sort of complicated glove.

CLOSE ON - A GLOVE

The glove is a weapon of some kind, the elongated index finger ending in an open barrel.

Clearly, this is not, as it first seemed, the past -- not America in the 1950's. It is the neo-past, the retro world of America 2040, where the familiar of yesterday is intermeshed with hypertechnology.

And all of that hypertechnology is focused on JOHNNY, as he makes a run for the house, sheets of newspaper scattering behind him. He bursts up the front porch, shoving Carol out of the way.

Eight Precrime police officers assemble in the yard. From a backpack, one of them quickly removes an instrument with a handle grip and an ovoid screen. It is a holographic scanner.

He activates it, scans the officer in front of him, and an IDENTICAL POLICE OFFICER takes three-dimensional form.

The two real officers circle the house, repeating the maneuver a dozen times.

In less than a minute, a decoy force of men -- three dimensional, standing in place, but shifting and turning like living beings -- has been created. An overwhelming police deterrent presence has been established.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

The Precrime police overwhelm the interior of the house, too. It is impossible to tell which officers are real, and which are scanned holographs. The juxtaposition of the futuristic cops in a 1950's style house is disorienting.

INSIDE A BEDROOM CLOSET

Johnny, in his pajamas, crouches beneath a rack full of his wife's dresses.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Two OFFICERS, standing back-to-back, hold their gloved hands out in front of them, palm out. When the first officer points his palm toward a door at the end of the hallway, his glove BEEPS softly.

The officer looks at his PALM. A red thermal IMAGE appears on a small flexible screen -- the heat outline of a crouching man. The first officer flicks his helmeted head to the second officer.

THE BEDROOM

The room is packed with police -- how many are real?

THE CLOSET

Johnny squirms, his pajamas saturated with sweat. He calls out through the door.

JOHNNY
I didn't do anything!

OUTSIDE THE CLOSET

Every officer in the room lifts his gloved hand and points his index barrel at the closet door. The effect is deeply accusatory.

An OFFICER 1 speaks, his VOICE electronically manipulated to be as menacing as possible.

OFFICER 1
Come out of the closet on your hands and knees.

Nothing happens. Two officers aim their barrels at the perimeter of the door. In repeated, small SONIC BLASTS, the closet door is blown off of its frame, revealing Johnny among the dresses.

Johnny starts to rise, and BAM, a section of floorboards is blasted away beneath his feet.

OFFICER 1
Hands and knees!

Johnny trips among the splintered floorboards, and drops. He stays on his hands and knees, and approaches. He lifts his head and looks up at the officer.

JOHNNY
I didn't --

Another OFFICER 2 bends down with a DEVICE -- the words "IdentiScan" on its side -- and blips a red laser light into each of Johnny's eyes, reading his irises. The officer nods affirmatively to the other officer.

OFFICER 2
Positive for John Palmer.

OFFICER 1
(to Johnny)
John Palmer, if you were being arrested for any other crime, I would now read you your rights.
(beat)
But you are under arrest for the future murder of your wife, Carol Palmer. You have no rights.

Johnny, on his hands and knees, goes limp.

EXT. THE HOUSE - LATER

In the background, Johnny is guided into a Precrime police vehicle as the neighbors look on. Carol and her son stand in the doorway, stunned.

TWO OFFICERS remove their helmets. The first man is tall, sandy-haired, good eyes, deeply blue. This is PAUL ANDERSON, late thirties, Director of the Precrime Division, Washington D.C.

The second man is ED WITWER, Anderson's second in command, late thirties, big like Anderson, good face, strong in the shoulders, short brown hair.

The two men are deeply comfortable together. They can speak, or not. It doesn't matter -- they still communicate. Two good cops, good together.

They walk side-by-side around the house, dematerializing the holographic decoy cops.

WITWER
Thought we might a had a runner.

Anderson seems tired, takes a moment to answer.

ANDERSON
Yeah, a runner.

WITWER
A little chase -- that'd been good.

ANDERSON
Fifty cops on the scene takes the chase out of them.

WITWER
(smiles)
But only eight of us were real.

Witwer dematerializes the last decoy.

ANDERSON
We ever get a runner, I'd be too old to give chase.

WITWER
You'd chase. You'd love it, man.

They get to the front of the house and watch the Precrime vehicle holding Johnny zoom SOUNDLESSLY away.

ANDERSON
I love it more Johnny boy doesn't get to murder his wife.

WITWER
(beat)
It's a beautiful world.

EXT. SAME SCENE - LATER

The children play on their trikes. The wives talk among themselves. The birds sing, the dogs bark.

The little girl bounces her red ball again. She stops a minute, when two pieces of newspaper blow past her, unexpectantly littering the orderly suburban landscape.

INT. A BEDROOM - SUBURBAN VIRGINIA (OUTSIDE WASHINGTON) - DAY

Decorated in a 1950's style. Anderson lies in bed beside his wife, LISA, a pretty, green-eyed brunette. It is early morning, they are both awake. Her hand caresses his chest. Maybe they will make love.

Lisa's hand stops suddenly on the center of Anderson's chest.

LISA
Jesus, Paul. Your heart's hammering.
(playfully)
I excite you that much?

He turns to her, and the grim set of his jaw makes her smile vanish.

ANDERSON
I used to love being a cop.

LISA
You're still a cop.

ANDERSON
I'm a factory worker. We don't catch murderers. We process them.

Lisa takes a long breath. She's been down this road before. She speaks reassuringly.

LISA
You're the best homicide cop in the country.

Anderson snorts disdainfully.

ANDERSON
Great -- except there's no such thing as homicide. What I do best doesn't exist anymore.

LISA
Paul.
(beat)
(MORE)

LISA (cont'd)
You're the Director of a perfect system. A cop with a perfect record --

ANDERSON
The Precogs have a perfect record. They identify the accused -- I just put on my monkey suit and go round them up.

Lisa hugs him, kisses the back of his neck.

LISA
And then I prosecute them. And they go to jail. And lives are saved. Thousands of lives.
(beat)
And that's a cop's dream.

Anderson is silent for a time. He sighs, then smiles, and turns to his wife, takes her in his arms.

ANDERSON
No. You're a cop's dream.

INT. THE BATHROOM - LATER

Anderson steps out of the shower, and begins to towel himself dry. He glances out a casement window. He tilts his head, curious, then wipes at the steam on the window.

ANDERSON'S POV - LISA

Lisa stands in the backyard in her nightgown, talking on a cell phone. She hangs up, moves quickly back into the house.

ANDERSON

cocks his head, then goes back to toweling off.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Checkered linoleum floor. Appliances out of the 1950's. Except there are little differences. When Lisa puts a skillet of eggs on the stove, the heating element is not an electric coil, or gas -- but a shimmering field of light.

Lisa is dressed in a blue jersey skirt and a brief jacket. Anderson wears a gray suit, thin blue tie, white shirt, wing-tipped shoes. He doesn't look up from the newspaper as he speaks.

ANDERSON
Who called?

Lisa keeps her back to him as she flips the eggs. She touches her long brown hair.

LISA
No one. I called about my hair. Getting it done this afternoon.

Anderson looks like he's about to say something else, when suddenly someone RAPS on the back screen door. Anderson and Lisa both turn and smile.

ANDERSON
Come on in, neighbor. Want some coffee?

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

FRANK D'IGNAZIO, 65, white-haired, robust, hesitates before coming in. A thin METALLIC ARM with a red laser light arches quickly down from above the doorway, shines into each of his EYES, scanning the irises. The arm lifts out of view, the screen door UNLATCHES.

Frank enters the kitchen, carrying a basket of tomatoes.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
Brought these for your supper.

LISA
Oh, Frank. That's so sweet. Thank you.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
Sweet, nothing. I gotta get rid of these things. One plant, and I'm invaded by tomatoes. When I was a kid --

Anderson laughs, claps his friend and neighbor on the back, teases him.

ANDERSON
Before all this genetically engineered crap ...

Frank gives him an ornery look, then a smile.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
Yeah well, it's true. It used to be a challenge to grow things. An art. Now you put one plant in the ground -- then jump the hell out of the way.

Anderson gestures for Frank to sit down.

ANDERSON
Coffee?

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
Nah, thanks. Can't stay. You guys are rushing off to work anyway.

Lisa sets the eggs down in front of Anderson.

LISA
You and Ellie come for supper then.

ANDERSON
We'll barbecue.

Frank nods and pushes on the screen door.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
You betcha. We'll bring some more tomatoes -- a new batch will have grown by then.

They all laugh, Frank exits, Anderson goes back to his paper.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Anderson waves to Lisa. Her big Studebaker drives off down the tree-lined street and away.

Anderson approaches his Chevy. He doesn't take out a key to unlock it. There is no lock. He slides in behind the wheel. Doesn't take out a key for the ignition -- there is no ignition.

A thin METALLIC ARM arches down from the sun visor, scans Anderson's EYES, identifying him. A seat harness wraps around him, and the car STARTS.

Anderson picks up a folder marked "Precrime" and begins to read through the papers. The Chevy backs out of the driveway and takes him to work.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - ALEXANDRIA, VA - LATER

A vast spread of corporate and government buildings -- the spillover from Washington D.C. across the Potomac River into Virginia.

Beyond the white of Washington is "The Sprawl" -- the massive unzoned city that has spread uncontrolled on the outskirts of the Capitol. It is impenetrable and uninviting, especially to those comfortable in the utopian suburbs.

Anderson's Chevy moves in a sea of fifties-type cars. Occasionally, an ultramodern vehicle zips past them.

In the sky above is another sea -- of advertising dirigibles, holographic billboards, hovercrafts, skim-jet transports.

On one of the holographic billboards giant words begin to flash: "I LIKE MIKE!" Then a picture of the smiling President appears. Then the words: "RE-ELECT PRESIDENT MIKE BILLINGS FOR ANOTHER FOUR YEARS! KEEP THE PAST IN OUR FUTURE!"

INSIDE ANDERSON'S CHEVY

Through his windshield, Anderson glances at a holographic road sign.

THE ROAD SIGN reads: "FBI Headquarters 1 mile. CIA Headquarters 1.5 miles. PRECRIME Headquarters 2 miles."

Anderson goes back to his papers.

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS

Anderson sits in a too large office in a too large chair. He abruptly rises and begins to pace. The room is large, but he paces like a lion confined in a cage.

He punches an intercom. A female VOICE responds.

INTERCOM VOICE
Yes, Director Anderson?

ANDERSON
Where's Ennis Page? Why hasn't he delivered this morning's Precog discs?

Ed Witwer opens the door to the office, and casually walks in.

INTERCOM VOICE
I'll find him, sir.

Ed shakes his head, smiles.

WITWER
Bullying the staff again, Director Anderson?

ANDERSON
Screw you.

Anderson turns away and stares out a large window. Witwer joins him.

ANDERSON
Was that fun for you, yesterday?

WITWER
The Johnny Palmer bust?

ANDERSON
Yeah.

WITWER
It was okay. We got our man.

Anderson takes a long breath.

ANDERSON
When do we <u>not</u> get our man?

They turn as Ennis PAGE, 44, a thin, tight little man with burr cut hair, knocks and enters the room. He carries a black BRIEFCASE marked: "Zone 218 - Washington/Alexandria, VA." The case is cuffed to his wrist.

PAGE
Sorry I'm late, sir. Precogs put out a heavy national volume this morning -- four for our zone.

ANDERSON
(distracted)
Put the case on my desk, Ennis.

Page hesitates, doesn't do it. Anderson moves quickly to Page.

ANDERSON
What was I thinking.

Anderson leans over the BRIEFCASE. A small panel recedes, a red laser scanner clicks on, scans Anderson's eyes, BEEPS affirmatively, then clicks off. The cuff on Page's wrist falls open.

Now Page puts the case on Anderson's desk. Page hesitates. Anderson and Witwer know just what he's going to do. Page reaches down, unable to resist straightening a pile of papers strewn on Anderson's desk.

Anderson and Witwer exchange knowing smiles. When Page looks up they try to cover, but are not quick enough. He frowns tightly, and heads for the door.

Anderson calls after him.

ANDERSON
Thanks, Ennis.

Witwer turns to leave, too.

WITWER
Now that's a guy who <u>really</u> <u>cares</u>.

Witwer grins to himself as he walks out of the office.

Anderson takes a deep breath and goes to his desk, and opens the briefcase. Four small bright DISCS sit in rows. He removes one, places it in a VIDEO MONITOR that lifts into view from the center of his desk. He sits back, weary, and watches.

VIDEO SCREEN

A young black woman stands in a hallway. She stares at a door, gun in hand. She opens the door, enters a bedroom. She glides toward a bed, where a man lies sleeping. She lifts the gun and fires it into his sleeping form.

ANDERSON pops the disc, jots down some notes, pops in a new disc.

VIDEO SCREEN

A white woman stands at a stove, cooking. A man comes up behind her slowly, silently, a necktie taut between his hands. He raises the necktie toward her neck --

ANDERSON

He's not watching the screen. He is out of his chair now, looking out the window.

INT. PRECRIME MAIN LOBBY

A tour of Precrime is in progress, like the public relations tours run by present-day FBI. The TOUR GUIDE, a pretty, smartly uniformed woman in her twenties, leads a group of adults and children, all with glowing nametags, through the building.

TOUR GUIDE
Welcome to the main headquarters of Precrime. Smaller Precrime branches are scattered throughout the United States.

The group follows the guide slowly through the lobby.

TOUR GUIDE
Precrime was established in 2030, with the harnessing of the remarkable talents of the Precognitive mutants.

She points cheerfully to a stubby little man, MR. HARRIS.

TOUR GUIDE
Mr. Harris, can you tell me how many Precogs there are?

MR. HARRIS
Three. Uh, right?

TOUR GUIDE
That's exactly right! A lot of people assume there are Precogs in every branch office. But there are only three Precogs, right here in this building. And the information they give us, we send out to all the other branches.
(beat)
And what is that information -- what do the Precogs do?

An eager boy, TIMMY has the answer to that one.

TIMMY
They protect us.

The guide tousles his hair.

TOUR GUIDE
(chipper voice)
That's right, Timmy. Because of the Precogs, you're going to grow up murder-free. Isn't that something?

MR. HARRIS
They ever wrong? The Precogs ever screw up when they predict a murder?

The guide laughs tolerantly.

TOUR GUIDE
Never, sir. It's an infallible system. The Precogs predict a homicide, and our Precrime police then apprehend that future murderer before the event occurs. And right next door is the Judicial Center, where we prosecute the future-murderers.

TIMMY
Can we see the Precogs?

TOUR GUIDE
No, I'm sorry. That part of the building is not open to the public.
(beat)
Now, if you'll just step this way ...

She waves the group on toward an elevator.

INT. THE PRECOG CHAMBER

The chamber is an elaborate, hypertech hospital, constructed for the maintenance of three beings -- the Precogs. They are triplets -- two of the Precogs are male, one is female.

Technicians swarm all over them like worker bees. The bodies of the Precogs are being tended to: exercised, cleansed, groomed.

The head of each Precog is encased in a complex, ornate HELMET that seems to be an amalgam of organic tissues and bright metallics. The helmets pulse slightly, and the surfaces seem to flow and shift, like oil on water.

A network of micro-thin cables that are actually strands of light, rise Medusa-like from each helmet, then centralize into a single strand, and connect to a massive mainframe computer.

The Precogs appear to be in suspended animation, or in comas. They are absolutely still and limp -- except for their faces. Their faces are in constant motion, the lips mouthing scenes from murders only they can see. Life for a Precog is an endless cycle of death.

CLOSE ON - THE FEMALE PRECOG

We recognize her fragile and perfect FACE from the opening scene of the movie. She floats in a glowing nutritive bath. Like her brothers, she seems to be eternally young, or eternally old.

The technicians lift her from her bath. She is dried, dressed in a robe, then guided into an over-sized, throne-like chair. Her brothers are guided into their thrones, on either side of her.

Not once are their helmets removed. What they feed into the mainframe is too valuable. It must be gathered twenty-four unrelenting hours a day.

INT. A ROOM

Ennis Page sits in a room just off the Precog Chamber. He can see them through a large window. He works a large computer console, the gathering point for the information the Precogs constantly feed the computer.

Perhaps every ten seconds, a small DISC is released by the computer, and mechanically gathered, sorted, and placed -- under Page's watchful eye -- into a black case.

ANDERSON is in the room standing quietly behind Page. As Director, Anderson is authorized to come and go, but from his fussy movements, it's obvious Page sees anyone else in the room as an intruder in his special domain.

Anderson turns and looks through the window at the Precogs.

ANDERSON
What would they think about if we unhooked them?

Page looks up from his work.

PAGE
They don't think, sir. They just see.

Anderson is silent.

PAGE
They're not even alive, really.

Anderson contemplates the scene, nods to Page's words, then turns and walks out of the room, as Page looks on.

INT. THE PRECOG CHAMBER

The female Precog sits in her chair. Her eyes are open. She faces the window that looks into Page's main frame room. In the window we see Anderson leaving the room.

The female Precog's eyes drift closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - JUDICIAL CENTER - DAY

A trial is in progress. The defendant is Johnny Palmer. He sits, ashen, at a table, his DEFENSE ATTORNEY beside him.

There are no jurors in the Juror Box. There is a JUDGE, 55, and stern. There are a few people in the public seats.

The Precrime prosecuting attorney is Lisa Anderson. She wears a black robe, and addresses the Director of Precrime, Anderson, who sits in the witness stand.

LISA
Director Anderson, do you swear that the disc you now present to the court is the only and authentic disc of the future murder of Carol Palmer by her husband, John Palmer?

It is a ritual that they both have acted out hundreds of times. Anderson gives the rote answer as he holds up the DISC.

ANDERSON
Yes. This is the only and authentic disc of the event seen by the Precognitive mutants and recorded by the Precrime Division. This is the immutable evidence of the infallible system.

LISA
The murder of Carol Palmer will occur ... ?

ANDERSON
In one week -- June 16th, 2040 at 10:33 in the morning.

Lisa steps back. The judge reaches out and Anderson hands him the disc. The judge inserts it into a special video machine on his desk. Anderson steps down, his ritual part in this trial completed.

A huge MONITOR comes to life behind the judge. He does not turn around to watch -- he has his own monitor.

Johnny Palmer watches, eyes wide.

We now see, in detail, what we previously heard the Precogs act out in the beginning of the movie.

THE MONITOR

The Palmer's family room. Johnny reaches into Carol's sewing basket for the scissors. Carol stands defenseless in front of him. Their son cowers in a corner of the room.

CAROL
Johnny, please --

JOHNNY
"Johnny, please. Johnny please."

CAROL
You're scaring me.

JOHNNY'S SON
Daddy, don't. Daddy --

Johnny approaches his wife with deadly menace.

JOHNNY
(considering)
I don't like you any more, Carol.

CAROL
(imploring)
Put the scissors down. You're scaring me. Please.

We cut away from the monitor and stay on JOHNNY PALMER'S FACE as he sits at the defense table. He winces at each terrible exchange.

JOHNNY O.S.
Oh, Carol.

CAROL O.S.
Johnny! Stop!

JOHNNY O.S.
Don't grab at me! Let --

JOHNNY'S SON O.S.
Daddy! No!

Johnny Palmer cries out as the MONITOR goes blank.

JOHNNY
I didn't do it. I'm innocent! It didn't happen!

The JUDGE hits his gavel.

JUDGE
How does the defense plead?

The defense attorney glances at his watch, then quickly rattles off the words to his part of this judicial ritual.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
The defense acknowledges the infallibility of the system. We are
(MORE)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (cont'd)
guilty. We throw ourselves at the mercy of the court.

JOHNNY
No! No! The Precogs are wrong! No!

The court guards are on him in an instant. They lead him out of the courtroom.

INT. A BOARDING HOUSE - THE SPRAWL - DAY

Anderson pushes down a tight hallway thick with police and enters a disheveled room. The fifties interior is drab: a Formica table, bad curtains, a frayed Lazy Boy positioned in front of a TV.

Ed Witwer is already on the scene. He stands a few feet from the BODY of a man, gunshot wound to the head, a handgun on the floor nearby.

WITWER
(to Anderson)
Looks like the old days.

Anderson nods to his former partner. Anderson leans over the body.

ANDERSON
That would be bad news for an infallible system.

Witwer is suddenly bored.

WITWER
We know it can't be a murder -- the Precogs would've seen it. Why do you insist on coming to these things?

ANDERSON
Keeps the system honest. And besides, I like to pretend I'm a cop.

Anderson turns to an officer.

ANDERSON
Who's got the Coroner?

Another OFFICER steps forward with a large blue case.

OFFICER
Right here, sir.

The officer places the case beside the corpse, and opens the latches. Inside the case is a large metallic APPARATUS: the

"Coroner." It comes to auto-life, and begins to unfold itself. It rises crab-like, and steps out of its case.

The Coroner crab bristles with PROBES and INSTRUMENTATION. It is two feet wide, and one foot high. There is a WHIRRING sound, a splash of sparkling light, and the comforting holographic image of an old-fashioned medical DOCTOR in a white lab coat takes shape.

Except for his mouth, the doctor doesn't move. His projected image stands beside the body, his arms folded behind his back. He is the interface, the way the humans communicate with the crab apparatus.

ANDERSON
Hi Doc.

HOLOGRAPHIC DOCTOR
Hello, Director Anderson.

The coroner crab begins to walk the body, which is face down on the floor. It moves slowly, hesitating as it crawls the body's back to insert various razor thin probes and core samplers through the shirt and into the spinal cord.

WITWER
This a homicide, Doc?

HOLOGRAPHIC DOCTOR
I'm presently analyzing neurohormones, Assistant Director Witwer. I have not concluded my examination.

The crab engulfs the back of the head, probes the wound.

HOLOGRAPHIC DOCTOR
I'm detecting carbonization of skull fragments around the entry wound.

Witwer whispers to Anderson.

WITWER
Bingo. The guy put the gun to his own head.

HOLOGRAPHIC DOCTOR
I have not determined that yet, Assistant Director.

Witwer grins.

WITWER
You have good ears for a ghost, Doc.

The coroner crab steps away from the body.

HOLOGRAPHIC DOCTOR
Please rotate the corpse to the lateral supine position.

Two officers turn the body face-up. The crab inches close to probe the face. Disconcertingly, it lifts the eyelids, and examines the interior of the mouth, so that for a moment the manipulation makes the corpse seem alive.

Then the crab moves down the trunk and the legs. At last, it comes to a standstill. The holographic Doctor closes his eyes as if in thought.

WITWER
Can you imagine if this <u>was</u> a homicide? Who even knows how to hunt down a killer any more?

Anderson gives him a hard look.

ANDERSON
<u>I</u> know how, dammit. <u>You</u> know how.

WITWER
Easy, partner.
(beat)
But you know what I'm saying. The state legislatures are pushing to stop funding for training homicide detectives ...

ANDERSON
God bless the Precogs.

The Doctor opens his eyes.

HOLOGRAPHIC DOCTOR
This event is a negative homicide. A mortal wound was generated by a .22 calibre bullet self-delivered to the parietal portion of the skull on June 10th, 2040, at 11:57 pm, Eastern Standard Time. This event is a positive suicide.

The holographic doctor begins to shimmer, then disappears back into the coroner crab. The crab crawls back into its case, folds its probes and legs tight to its metal body, and shuts down.

Witwer turns to Anderson.

WITWER
It's time to stop coming to these, partner.

Anderson watches as the med techs lift the body onto a stretcher.

ANDERSON
Yeah. You're right.

INT. A BANQUET - WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Anderson, in black-tie, with Lisa in a shimmering blue gown at his side, moves through a huge room filled high level government officials and politicians.

ANDERSON
A little bit of me dies every time I come to one of these things.

LISA
It's only a party, Paul.

ANDERSON
I'd never have let them appoint me to Precrime if I'd have known this was going to be part of it.

LISA
You're exactly what Precrime needed. An amazing homicide cop and a real person --

ANDERSON
In an unreal job.

LISA
Exactly. The public loves the Precogs. But they give people the creeps, too. You're something they understand, a regular cop running things.

Anderson sighs as he looks around the elegantly appointed banquet hall.

ANDERSON
Let's invite all these irregular assholes over for a barbecue. Burgers and beer -- think they'd come?

A barrel-chested man with a great shock of pepper gray hair, SENATOR MALCOLM, 58, takes hold of Anderson's elbow from behind.

SENATOR MALCOLM
I'd come, Mr. Director. And I'd make all the other assholes come with me.

Lisa reddens, Anderson gives an embarrassed cough. The Senator laughs and claps him on the back.

SENATOR MALCOLM
Nice job this morning. Another negative homicide. The Precogs never let us down.

Mrs. Malcolm smoothly occupies Lisa, while the Senator eases Anderson in the opposite direction

SENATOR MALCOLM
I have a dream, Paul.

ANDERSON
I know you do, Senator.

SENATOR MALCOLM
Hundreds of Precogs. Not just predicting murders, but predicting all crimes. Burglary, arson, assaults ...

ANDERSON
How about jaywalking? Littering? Now there's a crime.

The Senator smiles through his teeth.

SENATOR MALCOLM
I don't want a police state, you know that. But we have an opportunity here, and --

ANDERSON
No sir, we don't have that opportunity. There are only three Precogs. They're a lucky accident of nature. There are no more.

SENATOR MALCOLM
(beat)
We can make more. Just give me your support. Help me increase funding for the Precog Engineering Project.

ANDERSON
Precogs aren't sheep or pigs. Seeing into the future is a gift, a non-reproducible event. There was only one Mozart, and there are only three Precogs.

SENATOR MALCOLM
Fuck Mozart. The people want to be safe. They want that more than they want food or love.

He gestures at the room full of glittering partygoers.

SENATOR MALCOLM
Look at us -- it's 2040 and we've wrapped ourselves up in the 1950's like a big security blanket. Why? Because we want to feel like they felt. Safe.

ANDERSON
Senator, a world filled with hundreds of Precogs is not my idea of a safe place.

The Senator gives it one last shot.

SENATOR MALCOLM
Sure could use your help, Paul.

ANDERSON
I decline, Senator. I'm sorry.

SENATOR MALCOLM
(icily)
Don't think I'll come to your barbecue after all.

The senator moves off. Anderson stands stiffly among the sea of black-ties and exquisite fifties dresses.

INT. PRECOG ENGINEERING LAB - CHEVY CHASE, MD - DAY

Anderson walks through the lab with a tall, pale man, DR, RESFIELD, 60, the head scientist. It is not a place that warms Anderson's heart.

Biotechnicians work at long stainless steel tables dissecting and examining protoplasmic tissue masses. Other technicians peer through massive microscopes. Still others use robotic arms to manipulate radioactive organics behind leaded-glass barriers.

DR. RESFIELD
You don't get out here much.

ANDERSON
Not my sort of place.

Dr. Resfield emits a dry little laugh.

DR. RESFIELD
The head of Precrime squeamish?

ANDERSON
When it comes to needles and scalpels, yeah.

DR. RESFIELD
I promise we won't use any on you.

ANDERSON
What do you use them on?

DR. RESFIELD
(beat)
On bits of this and that.

Anderson looks at him. The doctor pauses outside a thick door. An IdentiScan device quickly reads their eyes, and the door opens with an electronic hiss.

Anderson looks around the lab. Technicians lower mesh cylinders into some sort of chemical VAT. Another technician turns a dial, and an electric charge courses through the roiling liquid.

ANDERSON
What's happening here?

DR. RESFIELD
We're in an interesting phase.

ANDERSON
What's in the cylinders?

DR. RESFIELD
Neurotissue.

ANDERSON
From ...?

DR. RESFIELD
A fusion of sources. From the Precogs' deceased mother. From the Precogs themselves.

ANDERSON
A fusion of ...?

DR. RESFIELD
In lay terms, we mated sperm from the brothers with ova from the mother and sister to create new growth.

The CYLINDERS shudder as the voltage is increased.

DR. RESFIELD
And then we add mutating variables.

Anderson stares into the roiling vat. Dr. Resfield waits for more questions. But it is clear from Anderson's expression he has already learned enough.

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Anderson sits in his office reviewing Precog discs for pre-murders in the local Washington area

We stay on him as he watches the monitor. He pops the disc, jots down some notes, slides in the next disc.

Anderson's mouth slowly opens. He leans close to the monitor, his face ashen.

EXT. FRANK D'IGNAZIO'S BACKYARD - LATER

Frank is on his hands and knees, working his vegetable garden. He whistles softly under his breath as he trowels the rich soil.

He sits up as he hears someone open the garden gate. He lifts his straw hat in greeting, gives a smile. It's ANDERSON.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
What are you doing, playing hooky?

Anderson tries to smile. But it won't come. He looks around the abundant garden.

ANDERSON
It's great out here, Frank. You got the touch.

Frank straightens with a grimace.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
I got the arthritis, is what I got.

Anderson reflexively looks up at a high WHINING sound from over head. Frank follows his gaze. A Precrime HOVERCRAFT glides into position overhead.

Frank stares, then lowers his eyes to the ground. He takes a long sad breath.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
Ah shit, neighbor.
(beat)
Goddamn Precogs don't miss a beat, do they?
(beat)
Can we do this inside? Ellie's not home.

Anderson's voice is full of pain.

ANDERSON
Sure, Frank. Yeah.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Frank wanders the kitchen, trying to focus on his situation. Anderson has trouble meeting his friend's eyes.

Through a window we can see black suited police officers with mirrored helmets swarming outside Frank's house.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
(distracted)
I thought I'd buried it all. Thirty-five years -- all those minutes and days to bury it.
(beat)
But suddenly you see the man who murdered your daughter walking the streets -- my God it throws you.

Frank stops pacing. He stares at a kitchen drawer.

ANDERSON
He'd served his time, Frank. I know it's not fair. It's way beyond not fair ...

Frank looks at Anderson bitterly.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
(yells)
God <u>damn</u> the Precogs. You know? Why couldn't they have been around to save my girl?
(softly)
Now they're catching me.

Frank reaches into the drawer and pulls out a small handgun.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
I really shoot the bastard, huh? When?

ANDERSON
Next Wednesday, at noon.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
Good.

Anderson's cop eyes are all over the gun.

ANDERSON
It's not in you, Frank, to kill anybody.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
Tell it to the Precogs. It's set in stone now, right?

Frank puts the gun on the kitchen counter. Anderson relaxes.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
(almost inaudible)
I don't want to be a part of this world anymore.

ANDERSON
I know, Frank.

Frank gives Anderson a look -- no, friend, you <u>don't</u> <u>know</u>. Then Frank looks hard at the gun on the counter.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
(beat)
Tell me, Paul. Do the Precogs see everything?

ANDERSON
No.

FRANK D'IGNAZIO
Then they won't have seen this.

Frank suddenly snatches up the gun and presses it to his own head.

On Anderson's anguished FACE, at the SOUND of the gun going off.

EXT. FRONT YARD - LATER

Anderson stands with his old partner, Witwer, on Frank's front porch. Behind them, through an open door, we see Lisa comforting Ellie D'Ignazio in the living room.

Anderson is deeply shaken. Witwer tries to talk him through it.

WITWER
(gently)
We had to bring him in.

Anderson doesn't respond.

WITWER
He was a future murderer.

ANDERSON
(angrily)
You blame him? The guy killed his daughter!

Witwer lets the implication of his words sink in.

ANDERSON
Yeah. I know. I know.

Anderson turns and watches as they wheel Frank's draped body into the back of an ambulance. Anderson's bitterness erupts.

ANDERSON
I hate the Precogs, Ed. I believe in them absolutely and I hate them absolutely. Jesus.

Witwer listens to him.

ANDERSON
And that goddamn lab trying to grow more of them. Put a Precog in every home, you know? So we can have more Franks -- people shooting themselves -- over who knows what?

Witwer kneads Anderson's shoulder, talks to him in soothing tones like you'd calm an agitated horse.

WITWER
Precrime did the job it was supposed to do.

The two men can hear Ellie sobbing inside the house.

WITWER
You know it. And you believe in it.

ANDERSON
(beat)
Yeah.

WITWER
It's not easy. It beats us down. Ellie in there -- no doubt she hates you right now.

Anderson turns to Witwer.

ANDERSON
That's why I got into this business -- to be hated.

Anderson almost manages a small smile. Witwer puts his arm around him. Walks him away from the scene.

WITWER
They hated us when we were regular cops. Now we're Precrime, and they still hate us. It's one of the little perks of law enforcement nobody knows about.

Their quiet laughter is tinged with sadness. Anderson looks into his partner's good, open face. Then they both look away, their understanding of each other complete.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Anderson stares out the window at Frank's house, illuminated by the moon. It's a mournful sight.

Lisa rises on an elbow and watches him from the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS - ALEXANDRIA - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

Ennis Page, in the mainframe room just off the Precog Chamber, picks up a black BRIEFCASE marked: "Zone 218 - Washington/Alexandria, VA." He approaches the door, and his eyes are scanned. The door opens with a HISS.

We follow Page as he walks through doors and corridors until he reaches a long hallway leading to the Director's office. Anderson's secretary, Angela, looks up on Page's approach. She nods. He nods.

He walks around her desk. His eyes are scanned, and the door to Anderson's office opens.

ANDERSON looks up, wearily.

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Anderson inserts a disc into the video monitor, almost absently. As we have seen him do before, he swivels his chair away from the monitor, and stares at Washington D.C. across the Potomac. Hovercrafts and transports skim through the sky above the Washington Monument.

The camera stays on Anderson's back as the sound from the Precog disc begins. He hears his own voice speaking in strained, agitated tones.

ANDERSON O.S.
Let's not do this, Ed.

Anderson slowly swivels around and stares with disbelief and horror at the monitor.

THE MONITOR

shows Anderson and Witwer in a room, a few feet apart pointing guns directly at each other. Their eyes intense and panicked. Who murders whom?

Ed's eyes cut to a huge digital clock on the wall as the red seconds tumble away.

ANDERSON
Oh, Ed ...

Witwer lowers his gun. He stands unresisting before Anderson.

Witwer sees his own death in Anderson's wild eyes, has always seen it.

Anderson FIRES his weapon, puts a bullet straight into Witwer's heart, throwing him back against a wall. Witwer slumps, dying, beneath the huge digital clock, which reads: 5:20 AM.

BACK TO SCENE

Anderson stares as the monitor fades to a blank. His hand goes to his mouth. His body begins to shake. He hugs himself, but he can't stop the shaking.

The DISC pops out of the side of the monitor. It is a small SOUND, but it has Anderson up and out of his chair as if it were a gunshot.

He reaches for the disc but cannot touch it. His legs suddenly weaken, and he drops to one knee beside his desk, like a man in need of prayer.

There is a single thought that screams through his brain. It is an almost visible thing, filling the room, blackly. Anderson whispers the sickening words that shape his fate.

ANDERSON
I kill you.
(beat)
Oh god, I kill you.

As Anderson pulls himself up, and tries to reach again for the disc ...

CUT TO:

INT. THE PRECOG CHAMBER

In an image just like the scene in the beginning of the movie, the three FACES of the Precogs hover in the misty darkness. Their closed eyes open in SUDDEN UNISON. They speak as one.

ALL THREE
Murderer!

After a long moment, the eyes close again, and the Precogs fade into the mists ...

CUT TO:

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE

Anderson looks up sharply at the SOUND of a knock on his door. Every normal sound seems grotesquely AMPLIFIED, the traffic outside, his own breathing. His senses are on overload.

The door begins to open. A stockinged leg is the first thing Anderson sees. His secretary, ANGELA.

ANGELA
Sir?

She hesitates before fully entering the room, Anderson grabs at the incriminating disc. He sees his EYES reflected in its alloy surface. He pushes the disc deep into his pants pocket.

Somehow he finds his voice.

ANDERSON
Come in. Angela.

She looks at him, uncertain. Then she places a small stack of papers on his desk.

ANGELA
Need you to sign these. And your eleven o'clock starts in five minutes.

ANDERSON
My ... eleven.

ANGELA
(beat)
Budget coordination with the FBI.
(beat)
You okay, sir?

Anderson runs his hand through his hair, can't think fast enough. He sees her glance at the black Precog disc case. He shuts it, awkwardly, and it auto-locks.

ANDERSON
Have Page take this.

Angela steps back, disturbed.

ANGELA
But sir, the procedure --

ANDERSON
(snaps)
I make procedure. Call him.
(long beat)
I'm not okay, Angela ... you're right. My head and stomach. I'm going down to the clinic. Or maybe just home.

Angela looks relieved at the explanation.

ANGELA
Yes sir.

He moves past her. His FINGERS fidget against the hidden disc in his pocket.

ANDERSON
I'll speak to Witwer, put him in charge for the rest of the day.

He hesitates at the door, turns to look at his office, and at his view of Washington. Then he is gone.

INT. OUTSIDE WITWER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Anderson looks in the door of Witwer's empty office. He takes a step inside.

Witwer's booming voice sounds from behind him, startling him.

WITWER
Breaking and entering. That'll get you five to ten, hard.

Witwer immediately scans his old partner's ashen face.

WITWER
What's wrong?

Anderson can hardly bear to meet his friend's eyes. He REACHES into his pocket, as if to lift the disc into the light. If he could just do that, show it to Witwer.

WITWER
Paul?

Anderson's hand comes out of his pocket, EMPTY.

ANDERSON
Take over for me today?

WITWER
You sick?

ANDERSON
Yeah.

Witwer makes a show of backing away.

WITWER
Don't give it to me. You probably have that Trans-10 virus going around. A stomach thing. I hate stomach things.

Anderson almost smiles.

ANDERSON
Ed.

WITWER
Yeah?

Witwer looks at him. Anderson almost reaches out for him.

ANDERSON
Run the place, okay?

WITWER
(smiles)
Sure. Right into the ground.
(beat)
Go on home before I call Infectious Control and have them spray you down with something.

Anderson moves unsteadily down the hallway. Witwer calls out.

WITWER
You want me to do the discs, or hold them for you to review when you get back?

ANDERSON
Can't let them back up. Do 'em.

WITWER
Call you later. Take it easy, all right?

Witwer lifts his hand in farewell. Anderson fixes on that last image -- Witwer waving goodbye.

INT. PRECRIME UNDERGROUND GARAGE - LATER

Anderson, sweating now, leans against a thick cement pillar and pulls out a cell phone. He hits a button.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ANDERSON/LISA AT THE JUDICIAL CENTER

Lisa sits in a meeting. Her phone CHIRPS softly. She glances at the display, then rises to take it. She goes to a corner of the room.

LISA
Paul?

ANDERSON
Listen to me.

Lisa presses her phone close to her ear.

LISA
I can hardly hear you.

ANDERSON
I'm underground. Weakens the signal so it can't be picked up.

Alarm moves across her face.

LISA
But we're on Secure --

ANDERSON
Listen, dammit! I'm going to murder Ed. The Precogs picked it up.

On Lisa -- can she have heard right?

LISA
Paul. Paul --

His crackling voice faintly comes through the phone.

ANDERSON'S VOICE
... home.

Lisa's phone goes dead.

BACK TO ANDERSON

Anderson looks down a long row of parked Precrime ground transports. They are sleek and menacing, the black shells lumpy with dangerous gadgetry. In the distance, a POLICE OFFICER, holding an armful of equipment, opens the back of one of them.

He looks up at Anderson's approach. He puts his equipment down, and salutes.

POLICE OFFICER
Hello, sir.

Anderson nods, moves close.

ANDERSON
What's your name, officer?

POLICE OFFICER
Bob, uh, Robert Smythe.

ANDERSON
These the new Python transports?

The young officer turns and looks at the transport with pride, is about to speak, when Anderson touches a palm-sized Nova stun gun to the base of his neck.

ANDERSON
(sincerely)
Sorry, Officer Smythe.

The officer buckles. Anderson catches him, rolls him gently into the back of the transport.

Then Anderson quickly reaches into the transport, and begins stuffing equipment into a duffel bag: a helmet and black uniform, the weapon-glove, a folded rifle, a holographic scanner, and other equipment whose function we can only guess at.

Anderson looks up at a sound, echoey FOOTSTEPS. They approach, then fade away.

Anderson places the officer's hands and legs together, then aims a nozzled cylinder at them. He shoots a spray of blue BindFoam chemical restraint, sticking the man to the floor of the transport in an adhesive glob.

Then he leaves the scene, running.

INT. ANDERSON'S CHEVY

Anderson grips the wheel of his Chevy, driving down I-95. The fact that he can't control his car -- that the steering wheel has no function, his speed is predetermined, and his direction is guided by satellite -- is maddening now.

From inside the cars that glide along beside him people turn and look curiously at the man who is actually gripping his steering wheel.

Anderson slams it with his fist. Through his windshield Anderson sees a four year old boy in the driver's seat of a passing red and black Ford. His mother sits in the passenger's seat, blithely reading. The boy mimics Anderson, gleefully slams his steering wheel too, then laughs.

Anderson turns and looks the other way, into the distance, at the "Sprawl," the vast unzoned city attached to Washington D.C. You can see it in his face: a man could lose himself in there.

EXT. POTOMAC PARK

Anderson stands on an embankment. He holds the Precog disc in his hand, ready to throw it into the river.

He stands like that ... and then slowly lets his hand drop. He doesn't do it.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOME - SUBURBS - LATER

Lisa enters the house, in a rush. Every shade is drawn. Paul Anderson sits in an overstuffed chair, absolutely motionless, like a man who has died suddenly.

ANDERSON
Don't move.

Lisa doesn't get it. She continues toward him.

ANDERSON
Stop! Moving heats you up, makes it easier for them to pick you up on their thermals.

She looks at him, scared, stops in her tracks. She is suddenly suffocating.

LISA
It's a hundred degrees in here.

ANDERSON
I turned the furnace all the way up. Your hair dryer. The oven. If they come, it'll buy me twenty seconds. Maybe thirty.

LISA
Nobody's coming for you.

Anderson stares at her.

LISA
On the phone -- what you said. It's impossible.

She shakes her head in disbelief. Anderson speaks, choking on the words.

ANDERSON
I'm going to kill Ed Witwer.

LISA
It's <u>not</u> <u>true</u>.

Anderson's right hand hangs over the side of his armchair. We see the bright DISC cupped in the palm. He seems about to reveal it to her, but doesn't, yet. He keeps staring at her intently. Something is holding him back.

LISA
You're upset. You've been unhappy. There's a lot of pressure on you. And then Frank ...

ANDERSON
One week from today. Tuesday, June 25, at five-twenty in the morning. I shoot him, Lisa.

LISA
(beat)
You need to take time off.

Anderson laughs harshly.

ANDERSON
You don't have to worry about that.

She steps toward him.

LISA
(gently)
I want to hold you.

ANDERSON
If you love me, stand there. And don't move.

Tears well in her eyes.

ANDERSON
I saw the disc, Lisa. I shoot him. In the chest. And he dies. I've watched a thousand murders. This time I star in one.

LISA
Something's wrong. You wouldn't do it.

ANDERSON
The Precogs are never wrong. They emit a single disc. "The immutable evidence of the infallible system."

The room is terribly hot, his words -- she begins to sway unsteadily.

Anderson focuses on her. Her face. Her hair ...

LISA
We'll figure this out. We'll review the system.

ANDERSON
There is no review. There's only the disc. It shows my guilt. There's no defense.

Her long hair. He stares.

LISA
You can't run. Please, let's --

A SOUND outside. They both turn. A deep silence. The furnace churns out heat. And Anderson looks at Lisa's hair ... and finally understands.

Slowly, and very carefully, Anderson slides the DISC back into his pocket. He rises from his chair. For the first time he goes to her, reaches out, and touches her hair.

ANDERSON
Last week. It was strange. I watched from the bathroom window. You went out in the backyard to make a call ...

She looks at him.

ANDERSON
An appointment, you said. For a haircut that afternoon.

Lisa's hand jumps to her hair.

ANDERSON
You didn't get your hair cut. You went to the trouble of calling first thing in the morning. It was that important ...

She reaches for him. He pulls away.

LISA
Stop it! Paul, please. You're panicking. Everything's going to look wrong. You're going to distrust everybody and everything now.

Lisa implores him.

LISA
You can't distrust me.
(beat)
It was Ed I called.

Anderson cocks his head.

ANDERSON
Ed. Why outside? Why lie about it?

LISA
Stop being a cop and listen to me!

A booming, electronically altered VOICE suddenly penetrates the walls of the house from outside.

VOICE O.S.
Director Anderson! There is no escape!

Anderson, betrayed, glares at his wife. She's frantic.

LISA
Your birthday's tomorrow! We wanted to --

But he's already on the move, running for the upstairs.

VOICE O.S.
Drop to your hands and knees and stay there. Precrime is entering your house!

Lisa screams, as her front door is sonically BLASTED off its hinges, and a swarm of Precrime officers in mirrored helmets hurtle in.

LISA
Paul!

They move past her and spread through the rooms and up the stairs like a disease in fast motion.

UPSTAIRS

Helmeted officers hold their gloved right hands palm out, scanning rooms for thermal presence.

An OFFICER 1 steps out of a small room. He speaks, his voice electronically altered.

OFFICER 1
He's got a hair dryer going. Screwed up my reading.

The others nod.

OFFICER 2
We're not picking up shit.

They rush into rooms, with increased urgency. We follow OFFICER 1 as he moves counter to the group and down the stairs.

He hesitates as he moves through the living room, which is awash in personnel. Lisa stands against the wall, pale and shaken. He looks at her for a long beat, then steps over the shattered door and out into the sunlight.

OUTSIDE

Everywhere else in the neighborhood it is green and calm. But Anderson's house looks like a wasps's nest someone has kicked. Four Precrime hovercrafts are suspended above it, engines WHINING. Black Python transports are all over the street out in front, and more keep coming.

And everywhere on foot, there are Precrime police. OFFICER 1 approaches a Python ground transport. Another officer guards it, weapon out, his head turning right to left. He settles on OFFICER 1's approach and raises his weapon.

OFFICER 1 doesn't even break stride. He walks right up to the guard -- and then right <u>through</u> him. A holograph decoy. OFFICER 1 enters the Python.

INSIDE THE PYTHON

OFFICER 1 removes his helmet -- it's Anderson. And then comes the moment of truth -- have they cancelled his IdentiScan access to Precrime vehicles yet?

A little scanner arm arches down from the visor, and flashes a red beam into his eyes. Anderson presses his lips together. The Python turns on, and a generated voice greets him.

VOICE
Paul Anderson 0256 clear.

Anderson grips the steering wheel. But his time, since it is a law enforcement vehicle, the steering actually works. Anderson pulls out.

FROM ABOVE, as the Python transport slips away from the chaos.

THEN HIGHER, and we see that the direction the Python is headed will take it from the green of the suburbs, through the white of Washington, and into the dark of The Sprawl.

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ed Witwer sits alone in an antechamber. He stares at an oversized oak door, then looks down at the floor.

He runs both hands through his hair. He is tired, his eyes weary, lost.

A voice comes over the intercom.

VOICE
Enter now please, Assistant Director Witwer.

Witwer pulls himself together, and opens the door.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM

Witwer takes a seat at the end of a long table.

Powerful men sit at the other end of the table. SWANSON, sharp-boned, the FBI Director. CRONIN, owl-like eyes, the CIA Director. Senator Malcolm. Chief Justice POLLARD, whose face reveals nothing. Vice-President ALMER, whose tongue darts across his dry lips unsettlingly. Unpleasant looking men in an unpleasant mood.

Cronin looks up from a printout he's been reading and stares at Witwer.

CIA CRONIN
The central question is: Why does Anderson want to kill Witwer?

Cronin holds up the printout.

CIA CRONIN
We checked your finances. <u>His</u> finances. Nothing irregular, you don't steal from him, he doesn't steal from you. You haven't done anything that he might have discovered, and vice versa.

Swanson holds up another sheath of papers.

FBI SWANSON
Personnel checks reveal no ambitious coups planned by you to topple him.
(beat)
He's done nothing to you, or you to him.

Witwer presses his lips together.

VICE-PRESIDENT ALMER
You fucking his wife?

WITWER
No.

FBI SWANSON
His mother? His brother?

Witwer gives him a bad look.

FBI SWANSON
Okay. There we are.

JUSTICE POLLARD
So, you are friends, partners, and soul mates. Anderson has no motive.

WITWER
I can't think of one.
(beat)
Maybe --

JUSTICE POLLARD
The Precogs are mistaken?

Witwer looks away. Jesus, he wants out of this room.

JUSTICE POLLARD
You don't believe that, do you?

WITWER
(barely audible)
No. The Precogs are infallible.

Senator Malcolm is impatient with all this.

SENATOR MALCOLM
You're goddamn right. So, gentlemen -- screw the motive. We got a pre-murderer on the run, and a nasty little PR problem.

The very powerful men level their unpleasant gazes on Witwer.

VICE-PRESIDENT ALMER
And here is our solution. You are now <u>Director</u> Witwer.

Witwer shakes his head, starts to protest. Almer silences him with a raised finger.

VICE-PRESIDENT ALMER
Precrime must demonstrate its willingness to go after one of its own. Total impartiality.

WITWER
Now <u>look</u> --

Cronin talks right over him.

CIA CRONIN
The public must believe that every future murderer is pursued with equal vigor.

FBI SWANSON
Therefore, Precrime will put in charge the man best suited to the job. And who would pursue a murderer harder ... than his intended victim?

JUSTICE POLLARD
You went after Anderson yesterday -- because it was right, and because you <u>believe</u>.

Almer speaks with a tight irony.

VICE-PRESIDENT ALMER
And your belief will certainly grow stronger with each tick of the clock.

Witwer looks at the men with thinly-veiled hatred. But he does not deny their words.

JUSTICE POLLARD
How long will it take, Director?

Witwer takes a long breath, concentrates his mind on the task he can't avoid.

WITWER
He knows Precrime, of course. And the streets -- he's rusty, but he'll remember how to work them. It'll come back to him fast. He's ... the best.

Witwer almost smiles. Justice Pollard's not smiling.

JUSTICE POLLARD
We're not here to praise Caesar -- we're here to bury him.

Witwer looks at Pollard, then lifts a finger and touches his right eye.

WITWER
He can't avoid iris identification. Every door he opens, every ATM he uses, or taxi or transport he boards -- he'll get scanned.
(MORE)

WITWER (cont'd)
(quietly)
It won't take long to find him.

The eyes that look back at Witwer are unblinking.

EXT. THE SPRAWL - NIGHT

The unzoned city is full of 1950's iconography, but it all feels different than it did in the suburbs. Where the burbs were Ike, the city is Joseph McCarthy.

The fat Ramblers and Studebakers have a little grime on them. The women's dresses are tighter and more urgent, the men's suits have some shine at the elbows. You look over your shoulder here, move faster, and smile a lot less.

And some streets you don't go on at all. Anderson's Python moves down one of them. He stops under a blackened suspension bridge, gets out. He's still in uniform. He holds a duffel bag.

He starts to walk away from the Python, then hesitates. He's left the door open. He shakes his head at his sloppiness. Goes back and shuts the door. Walks away again.

INSIDE THE CAR

He's left a small DEVICE on the passenger's seat. Digital numbers shoot by in reverse. Something CLICKS.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

Anderson continues walking away. He doesn't look back as the Python is engulfed in a miniature sun of heat and flame. It's not a gasoline powered vehicle -- so it doesn't explode. It just ceases to exist.

EXT. ORANGE DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT - LATER

Through a smeared window Anderson sees racks of suits and dresses hanging in clear plastic bags. He gets to work on the door.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa lies in her bed, alone in the dark. She listens to an almost inaudible sound, a high WHINE.

EXT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE

A Precrime HOVERCRAFT floats high above her house, a dark moon in the low clouds.

EXT. ORANGE DRY CLEANERS - EARLY MORNING

A worker stands in the back of the store puzzling over the clean clothes piled on the floor. It almost looks like a nest, like someone slept there.

EXT. SUBWAY - LATER

Anderson, in a blue suit and fedora, carrying his duffel bag, stands on a subway platform. He takes out a cell phone, dials a number. He looks up at the SOUND of a train.

The approaching MagLev train has a lit sign on its front car: "33rd Street Express."

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS

Search and Command room. Witwer moves up and down the aisles, past technicians who man computers and holographic tracking displays.

A Precrime TECHNICIAN 1 suddenly sits upright. Witwer picks him out of the crowd and zeroes in.

TECHNICIAN 1
It's Anderson.

Witwer grabs a phone, punches a button.

WITWER
Paul!

The technicians scramble to pinpoint Anderson on a glowing holographic MAP.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBWAY STATION

Anderson, holding his phone, is IdentiScanned along with everyone else as he steps onto the train.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS

Another TECHNICIAN 2 calls out to Witwer. Witwer covers his phone mouthpiece.

TECHNICIAN 2
He's been Scanned. He's on the 33rd Street Subway!

TECHNICIAN 1 calls from the other side of the room.

TECHNICIAN
His cell phone tracks for The Sprawl. We got him on the subway, too!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Anderson sits on a seat in the rear of the car.

ANDERSON
Why am I going to kill you, Ed?

INTERCUT: ANDERSON ON THE SUBWAY/WITWER AT PRECRIME

WITWER
There's no motive.

ANDERSON
My wife calling you before breakfast?

WITWER
We were planning a surprise party. It was going to be today.
(beat, ironic)
Happy birthday, partner.

ANDERSON
This party's no fun, Ed. It's a hell of a surprise, though.
(beat)
I'm having trouble trusting people, Ed, I gotta tell you.

At Precrime, they upload a MAP DISPLAY of the Express train's route. We see a blue light moving -- the train. And two separate red dots along its route. An OFFICER points at the dots, and speaks to Witwer in a low voice.

OFFICER
The train makes two stops, here and here: 20th, then 33rd Street.

Witwer covers the mouthpiece.

WITWER
(to the officer)
Split the units, go to both.

OFFICER
We'll never make 20th --

Witwer waves him away -- do your job. Now.

ANDERSON
You there, Ed?

WITWER
I'm here. You gotta come in, Paul.

ANDERSON
I'm a cop, Ed. I need a motive.

WITWER
Come in. We'll figure this thing out together.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SPRAWL

Precrime transports zoom through the city.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUBWAY TRAIN

Anderson looks out the window into the tunnel dark. He talks to Witwer.

INTERCUT: ANDERSON/WITWER

WITWER
It'll get ugly if you keep running. And your eyes, Paul -- every move you make a Scanner will pinpoint you for us.

ANDERSON
I saw a news flash. You're the new Director. Is that the point of this?

WITWER
Fuck you.

Anderson smiles.

ANDERSON
Didn't think so. But it has to be something, Ed.

Witwer looks at the DISPLAY MAP. We see the blue train nearing its first stop, 20th street. We see two waves of lighted green dots -- Precrime units heading for 20th and 33rd.

WITWER
Paul. Come in.

Anderson sees an overhead light come on in the train: "Next Stop 20th Street."

ANDERSON
If I come in, it puts me close to you. If I get close ... I may kill you. I can't risk that.
(beat)
Anyway, they'd force you to lock me up. And that'd be it -- I'd never get my chance to solve this thing.

Witwer needs to keep him talking.

WITWER
You're kinda liking this, in a way, aren't you? The action ...

ANDERSON
And you get to be a real cop again. We get to flex our muscles.

CUT TO:

EXT. 20TH STREET SUBWAY STATION

Precrime vehicles pull up. Hovercrafts appear in the sky above.

CUT TO:

INT. 20TH STREET SUBWAY STATION

Anderson's train is just finishing off-loading passengers. The doors close and the train begins to pull out as the first helmeted Precrime officers flood the platform.

One of them points.

CLOSE ON: A TRAIN WINDOW

Anderson is visible through the window, talking on his cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS

Witwer stares at the map. The train has stopped at 20th street. But Anderson's still talking. He isn't getting off -- he's going on to 33rd Street, the last stop.

Technician 2 presses his earphone close, listens, then calls over to Witwer. Witwer covers his mouthpiece.

TECHNICIAN 2
We have visual verification -- he's still on the train.

Witwer gives him a thumb's up. We STAY ON Witwer as he listens to Anderson, and watches his train move toward 33rd on the MAP.

ANDERSON'S VOICE
I want to tell you something, partner. You listening?

Witwer nods. Now the MAP shows all the Precrime units swarming toward the 33rd Street subway station.

WITWER
Yeah.

ANDERSON'S VOICE
I gotta do this. I have to figure this thing out.
(beat)
But listen to me now. If it was you running, I'd come after you, Ed.

Witwer stares at the MAP, at all the units he's sent after his friend.

ANDERSON'S VOICE
You're a cop. And I'm a future murderer.
(beat)
Do your job, Ed. Come after me hard. Because, Jesus Christ, I wouldn't sleep or eat until I had tracked you down and put a gun to your head.

CUT TO:

EXT. 33RD STREET SUBWAY

Precrime officers pour down the stairs toward the train platform.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS

Witwer watches on the MAP at all the little symbols merging together, like a gameboard -- but this game ends in a real-life confrontation between one man and an army of them.

WITWER
You wouldn't shoot a cop would you, Paul?
(beat)
Paul? Paul!

He looks urgently to the phone technician.

TECHNICIAN 1
He's still on the line.

Witwer presses his ear to the phone. He can hear the subway make its STOP. Then he hears a chorus of mechanized VOICES -- the voices of the Precrime police, the SCREAMS of panicked passengers

VOICES ON ANDERSON'S PHONE
Police. Everyone down on your hands and knees!
(then)
Oh, shit.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

The Precrime officers aim the index barrels of their glove-weapons at ANDERSON, who sits blithely on a seat, holding his cell phone to his ear.

Anderson begins to shimmer, then dematerialize ghost-like, into nothingness. He was a holographic decoy.

What is actually there on the train seat is Anderson's cell phone. Rigged to its mouthpiece is a tiny digital voice recorder.

CUT TO:

INT. 20TH STREET SUBWAY

Anderson trots up the stairs and safely out onto the streets of The Sprawl.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A STREET - THE SPRAWL - NIGHT

Every city has its underbelly. If you lifted the fat dark underbelly of The Sprawl this is where you'd end up.

The streets here feel like alleys, clotted and tight. There are streetlights, bright ones -- but the light dies at its source, never makes it through the sour air down to the ground.

The retro fifties look comes apart here. The people that you see -- and you only catch quick glimpses of them, they move like rats -- wear black mostly, tight fitting techno-fibers.

ANDERSON'S caught one of the rats, a thin bald guy in black. Anderson has him pinned up against a wall. They're having some kind of exchange -- which consists of the guy answering none of Anderson's questions, and Anderson pressing him harder against the wall.

Finally, the guy does something odd. He lifts a finger and pulls down Anderson's right lower eyelid. Anderson lets him. Then the guy does the same on the left. Has a long look. And then nods. Anderson releases him, and they go off together.

EXT. AN APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

An oppressive brick thing on a side street. The facade is crumbling. Nothing good happens in a building like this ...

The guy leads Anderson to the building, then scurries off into the night.

INT. A ROOM - LATER

A stained overstuffed chair in the corner, a dreary little kitchen with crusted dishes in the sink.

But jarringly, in the center of all this, is a make-shift hypertech medical setup: a gleaming operating table, an array of lasers, scalpels and surgical equipment, an anesthesia console.

Anderson sits in a chair facing DOC. DOC is a big man with delicate fingers. He sneezes, then blows his nose hard into a handkerchief.

DOC
Got a cold.

Anderson looks at him uneasily. It's not just Doc -- it's the whole setup, the needles and scalpels, the medical thing, which Anderson truly does not care for. Doc sneezes again, then looks up at his patient.

DOC
Don't worry. I could cut open your chest, sew a dead cat in there, and you'd never get an infection. Not with the spectrum antibios I'll be shooting into you.

ANDERSON
I'm not here for cat surgery, Doc.

Doc chuckles. Then he waits, expectantly.

Anderson hands him a tiny opalescent card. A preset cash card. Doc slides it into small console, watches the numbers flash up. He frowns, sighs.

ANDERSON
It's all I could safely move.

He waits. Doc's not thrilled, but finally, he nods.

DOC
Yeah. All right.

Time to get down to business. Doc walks over to a large medical cabinet and opens the door. It's full of EYES, and parts of eyes -- all in cryo-jars.

Anderson tightens.

DOC
You understand what I told you then. I can't just give you new irises. The Scanners will read the scar tissue. Alarms will go off.

ANDERSON
I'm a cop, I know.

DOC
I gotta take your eyes out.

Anderson knows this, too, wishes Doc would shut up.

ANDERSON
Yeah.

DOC
And put in new ones.

ANDERSON
Yeah. I get it, Doc.

Anderson rises up out of his chair and goes over to the operating table. He lies down.

ANDERSON
Do me quick before I run out of here.

Anderson lies there, blinking up at the ceiling. He listens to Doc preparing instrument trays. It's a bad sound.

EXT. THE SPRAWL - DAY

The suspension bridge where we saw Anderson vaporize the Python transport. Witwer stands watching as a Precrime techno-unit sifts through the white ashes.

Witwer lifts his face to the acrid breeze coursing off the Potomac. It's a pose a track dog might hold, nose up, testing the air for a scent.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE ROOM - THE SPRAWL - DAY

We can't see anything at first, because Anderson can't see anything either. He's in a deep post-surgical haze. Doc's voice comes to him. It's warped and ugly.

DOC'S VOICE
Don't take the bandages off for twenty four hours. You'll go blind if you do.

Anderson makes an affirmative grunt.

Now we see his surroundings, even though Anderson still can't. He lies in a grungy bed, his head and eyes swathed in white dressings. Doc stands over him.

DOC
You're in a room. I had you moved here, a couple miles from my place. If they find you, they don't find me.

Anderson grunts weakly.

DOC
A guy will come in, feed you once.
(beat)
I juiced up the nano-reconstruction around your new eyes, 'cause I know you're in a hurry.

ANDERSON
(fuzzily)
Nano-re ... construction.

DOC
Organic microrobots that reconstruct nerves and blood vessels. It'll feel like fleas chewing on your eyeballs. Don't scratch.

Anderson is already reaching his hands for his bandages. Doc forces them away.

DOC
I'm giving you a bonus, might come in handy. Feel this.

Doc takes an air-syringe out of his pocket and touches it to Anderson's hand.

DOC
It's a temporary paralytic enzyme. Someone spots you, you duck into an alley, shoot this under your chin.

Doc presses the tip into the soft underpart of Anderson's chin. Anderson jumps.

DOC
The enzyme turns your facial muscles to mush. You won't look like the same man.

ANDERSON
Jesus.

DOC
You tighten up again in about thirty minutes. Hurts like nothing you ever felt. It's vicious, but effective. I'll put it in your bag.

Finally, Doc takes a small clock out of his pocket and places it on a dresser beside Anderson's bed.

DOC
I'm setting up a timer. When it buzzes tomorrow, take off your bandages, and get the hell out of here.

Anderson, groggy, starts to say something else, but then he hears a door open and close, and Doc is gone.

EXT. THE SPRAWL - NIGHT

The Precrime presence mounts on the streets. A couple of units move past the boarding house, but they don't stop.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE ROOM - DAY

Anderson sits in a chair, his dressings like a blindfold. He looks like a hostage. He is sweating. Keeps reaching for his dressings to scratch, then forces himself not to.

He speaks to someone we don't yet see. The guy Doc said would come.

ANDERSON
I'm hungry, but sick to my stomach. Guess I should eat.
(beat)
You gonna help feed me?

Now the camera moves and we see who it is that has been sent to help Anderson. It's the rat guy, the thin bald man Anderson had roughed up the day before. The guy has a bowl of hot soup in his hands. He stares contemptuously at Anderson.

ANDERSON
So how do we do this, pal?

The rat guy doesn't say a word. He simply tips the hot soup and it splatters down into Anderson's lap. Anderson cries out in pain and surprise. The guy walks out of the room.

CLOSE ON: THE TIMER

Twenty hours gone by. Four more to go.

EXT. THE SPRAWL

Precrime cops are shaking down any of the rats they can catch, looking for leads, looking for anything.

INT. THE BOARDING ROOM

The TIMER shows one hour to go. Anderson sits in a chair, squirming miserably. His dressings are wet with sweat, and frayed and dirty at the edges where he has tugged and plucked at them.

ANDERSON
(to himself)
Fuck.

He is this close to ripping the dressings off.

EXT. THE BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

A Precrime transport stops. Two officers get out. One of them sets up a large thermal scanner on the sidewalk, and does a read on the boarding house. The other does a read on a pawn shop and bar next door.

The OFFICER 1 doing Anderson's boarding house, calls to the other officer.

OFFICER 1
Got 27 warm bodies in this place. What should it take, three or four Spiders?

OFFICER 2
Do four. Speed things up, so we can go eat.

The Officer 1 opens the back of the transport, and takes out a box. He removes four round BALLS. They are silver, as big as billiard balls.

He goes up to the boarding house, gets IdentiScanned, and the front door opens. He rolls the balls down a dark hallway.

Then he goes back out to the transport, and leans against it, bored. He holds up an electronic clipboard and waits for the data to come in.

INT. THE BUILDING

The BALLS roll about eight feet, then suddenly come to auto-life as they spin. They open like flowers -- flowers with legs.

CLOSE ON : A BALL

A fist-sized Spider takes shape. On its head is an IdentiScan lens mounted on a thin metallic antenna.

The SPIDERS pause in front of closed doors. We watch one of the Spiders as it flattens itself and creeps under a door.

INT. A ROOM

An OLD WOMAN sits at a card table eating a bowl of something unidentifiable. She looks up with annoyance as she sees a Spider scuttling across the floor toward her. It makes a CLICKING sound on the floor as it comes.

She's poor, living in The Sprawl -- she knows the drill. She continues to eat as the SPIDER crawls up the leg of the card table. She barely watches as it moves past her bowl and toward her hand.

OLD WOMAN
It's nice to have a little company.

She smiles toothlessly at her joke.

The Spider hops onto her arm and inches up, then moves across her shoulder. It grips her cheek lightly, as the IdentiScan antenna reads her eyes.

Then it leaps off her and onto the floor and CLICKS away across the linoleum.

EXT. THE BOARDING HOUSE

The Precrime officer lifts his clipboard and checks a column with his laser pen, and waits for the next one.

INT. ANDERSON'S ROOM

Anderson sits in his chair. He cocks his head, listening. His body tenses. Something feels wrong.

The TIMER shows ten minutes to go. Blindfolded for a day and a night, Anderson has no idea how much time he has left. Three seconds, four hours?

A flattened SPIDER squeezes under his door. Anderson tenses as it CLICKS across the floor toward him. He <u>knows</u> that sound.

Anderson stumbles up and out of his chair. He starts to grab at his dressings, remembers Doc's warning, and stops himself. The SPIDER waits for him to settle, then CLICKS toward him again.

Anderson moves around the room, avoiding the Spider. He is dripping with sweat, starting to breathe hard. The Spider

comes faster. Anderson crashes into a table, brings it down. Falls across the bed.

EXT. THE BOARDING HOUSE

The Officer 1 squints at his clipboard. One of the Spiders is taking too long. He adjusts his thermal scanner, and sees the heat outline of a man bouncing around a room.

The other Officer 2 finishes reading the pawn shop and the barroom, then wanders over to Officer 1. They both watch the screen.

OFFICER 1
Stinking drunk.

OFFICER 2
(beat)
Or a guy who doesn't want to get read.

INT. ANDERSON'S ROOM

Anderson forces himself to sit still, because he knows the consequences. The Spider advances, starts up his leg.

The TIMER has not buzzed. Anderson can't touch his dressings. The Spider moves across his shoulder and onto his face. It WHIRS and HUMS trying to adjust its antenna against the dressings.

EXT. THE BOARDING HOUSE

The officers eye the thermal scanner, as they reach for their mirrored helmets, getting ready to go in.

INT. ANDERSON'S ROOM

The Spider crawls all over Anderson's head, trying to get past the dressings for a read.

Anderson has no choice. None. He starts to lift at his dressing. The Spider senses his cooperation, freezes in place.

Anderson wants to scream. He unwraps his head, tugs the eye pads away from his eyes. He rips them off. The Spider sits on his shoulder, waiting.

Anderson's eyes are tightly closed. He opens them.

ANDERSON'S POV - BLINDING LIGHT

Light brighter than a magnesium burn, brighter than a nuclear flashpoint. Light to buckle the knees and push the brain beyond endurance.

And though all this the faraway sound of a BUZZER going off. The TIMER has finally sounded. Anderson's open eyes are streaming with tears, but he has survived the moment.

ANDERSON'S POV - THE ROOM

It comes into slow focus.

The Spider, all business, reads his eyes. Then, as if nothing unusual has occurred, it jumps off his shoulder, and crosses the floor. It flattens, scoots under the door, and is gone.

EXT. THE BOARDING HOUSE

The officers see that the Spider has gotten its read. They pull off their helmets.

OFFICER 1
Let's eat.

They start putting their equipment back into the transport.

INT. ANDERSON'S ROOM

Anderson stares at himself in a dusty mirror. His new eyes are tender and bloodshot. And they are not blue, like the ones he was born with, but a deep brown. Anderson is exactly the same, and utterly different.

He grabs his duffel bag, and gets the hell out of there.

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTER'S - DAY

Lisa, looking drawn and scared, sits in Witwer's office. Witwer isn't looking too well, either.

WITWER
They told me to move into Paul's office.
I said fuck you very much.

Lisa nods.

WITWER
(softly)
I don't want to do any of this, Lisa.

LISA
I know. I know that.
(beat)
Everybody's got their reasons for wanting you in charge. So do I -- you won't bring him in dead.

WITWER
Yeah. But if he shoots a cop ...
(beat)
Which is what he does four days from now, isn't it?

Witwer's eyes jump involuntarily to a CLOCK on his desk.

LISA
He'd never hurt you.

WITWER
I know that. But the other thing I know is -- the Precogs are never wrong.

The words are leading them no place good. They stop talking, and just sit there.

INT. THE SPRAWL

Anderson stands on a street corner waiting in line with several people waiting for the No.6 Turbo Tram.

The double decker Tram comes. People get off, then the line starts to move forward as people get on.

Anderson fidgets. He's last in line. Each person gets IdentiScanned as he boards. Anderson's putting his new eyes to the test. If the scan goes wrong, he's positioned himself to run.

The woman ahead of him gets scanned, pays her fare. Anderson's turn. Anderson goes up the steps, and a red beam reads his eyes.

The Tram DRIVER glances at a monitor beside his steering wheel, then nods at him.

DRIVER
Welcome aboard, Mr. Symington. Plenty of seats in the back.

Anderson nods, moves casually to the back. But his jaw muscles are flexing hard, working off the tension.

INT. A WEALTHY HOME - SUBURBAN WASHINGTON - NIGHT

Senator Malcolm releases a self satisfied little belch as he finishes off a late night whiskey in his panelled den. He wanders about admiring himself in the many political photos adorning the cherry wood walls.

He's feeling cozy and safe, the way rich people can afford to. No IdentiScan Spiders would ever be sent under his doors. No intrusions of any sort, nothing that a coiffed secretary or a loyal wife wouldn't announce before hand.

Which is why he doesn't immediately understand the small SOUND at ear level, coming from just behind him. It's a metallic CLICK-CLICK. He turns amiably. His eyes instantly widen, and his knees buckle when he sees he's looking into the barrel of ANDERSON'S cocked gun.

ANDERSON
Time to upgrade your alarm system, Senator.

Senator Malcolm tries to regain his composure. His fear embarrasses him.

ANDERSON
Your work-up of Witwer. The Security Panel would've done one.
(beat)
Why do I kill Witwer?

The Senator finds his voice.

SENATOR MALCOLM
There's no motive.

ANDERSON
There's always a motive.

Anderson presses the gun to the Senator's forehead. He slides the barrel tip back and forth across the Senator's sweaty skin. It makes a greasy red mark.

ANDERSON
I could've come to anyone on the panel. But I picked you.
(beat)
Of all the shits on that panel, I like you least of all. So if this gun goes off, I'll feel bad, but not, you know, devastated.

You can almost see a thought dawning on Senator Malcolm.

And then, shockingly he spits in Anderson's face, and turns and walks to the other side of the den. His tone is mocking.

SENATOR MALCOLM
What the fuck was I worried about? You can't kill me. The Precogs would've seen it.

Anderson realizes this, too, lowers his gun. The Senator is even laughing now. For a moment Anderson does nothing, then he moves toward the Senator again. The Senator stands his ground smugly.

SENATOR MALCOLM
Witwer's clean. You're clean. There's nothing. No motive. Kind of like something Kafka would've cooked up.
(beat)
You like that, cockroach? You're fucked and you'll never know why.

The Senator is laughing hard now. Anderson lets him.

ANDERSON
Tell you something about the Precogs, Senator. They're great on murder. But it's the little things they fail to see.

Anderson hits the Senator so hard it bounces him across the floor and into the cherry wood panelling. Several of his beloved photos crash down onto him.

ANDERSON
Little things like that, for instance.

Anderson steps over him, and walks out of the room.

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Search and Command room. Witwer stands there amidst all of the technology speaking to a group of Precrime officers.

WITWER
He hasn't shown up on one goddamn IdentiScan in three days.

No one says anything, and then LIEUTENANT GLASER, 30, speaks up.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
He's found a room -- he's going to sit it out.

WITWER
Yeah, except for holding a gun to Senator Malcolm's goddman head in his own goddman house last night, Anderson's sitting it out!
(beat)
Why hasn't he been scanned?

The officers look at their shoes.

WITWER
Why is he invisible? He's moving around but he isn't being seen.

Lieutenant Glaser tries again.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
He's beating the scanners.

WITWER
No one beats the scanners.

Witwer reaches up, wearily, rubbing his face and eyes with his hands. The fingers dragging across his eyes stop. Then his hands drop away, and he looks at his men.

WITWER
He's done his eyes.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
But the scarring always --

WITWER
He went the whole way. The crazy bastard had his eyes removed. New ones sewn in.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
That takes weeks to heal.

WITWER
If you're prepared to go blind, a street surgeon'll juice up the repair cycle. They don't give a fuck about risk.

Witwer's eyes flick to a digital CLOCK on the wall. It's something he can't help doing now.

WITWER
He's going to do what it takes to stay free -- if it blinds him, maims him, or kills him.

Witwer's admiring smile makes his men very uncomfortable.

INT. A KITCHEN - THE SUBURBS - DAY

A mother places a carton of milk on a table in front of her teenage son. He pours it into his cereal bowl, then puts the carton down in front of him.

There's a flexible Vid-Screen on the side of the carton, about the size of a playing card. As the sleepy kid watches, the disposable Vid-Screen sparkles to life. Nothing unusual, they always do that. For advertisements, lost kids, or in this case crime bulletins.

A good one. The kid straightens up.

THE VID-SCREEN

A fully rotating mug shot of PAUL ANDERSON fills the screen, followed by vital statistics and details of the precrime he's been charged with.

The kid watches for a while, then gets bored, and pulls the Dexi-Pops cereal box over and starts reading the back of that.

INT. A LIVING ROOM - THE SPRAWL - DAY

A big man in a tee shirt lies on a couch, a bowl of popcorn perched on his belly. He stares at a TV monitor that's the size of a twin bed.

TV

Anderson's face fills the monitor. The TV image is so big that Anderson overwhelms the room with his video presence. It's like God coming to pay a visit -- even if you want to avoid Him you can't.

The big man with the popcorn tries to do just that. He surfs through a zillion channels, but Anderson's visage is omnipresent.

EXT. THE SKY - THE SPRAWL - DAY

Anderson's face fills the skies, too. Witwer and Precrime have pulled out all the stops.

Advertising dirigibles float by with Anderson's image on it. Holographic billboards with Anderson hover in the air. There are so many Andersons in the sky he seems to be part of the weather, a special type of cloud.

People on the streets look up, briefly interested, then go about their business.

EXT. A STREET - THE SPRAWL

One person who is paying deep attention to all this is Anderson himself. He stands on a street corner, wearing dark glasses and a fedora, staring at a public video kiosk.

VIDEO KIOSK

The mug shot of Anderson disappears and is replaced by a Precrime SPOKESWOMAN.

SPOKESWOMAN
The United States Supreme Court has issued a special injunction allowing the unprecedented public viewing of former Precrime Director Paul Anderson's future murder of Edward Witwer, the current Director.

ANDERSON

His mouth slowly opens. He steps back against a wall and slides his hand into his pants pocket. He looks at the Precog DISC in his cupped hand, then quickly puts it away.

He stares at the kiosk as people on the street begin to gather around excitedly.

CROWDS OF PEOPLE look into the sky, in store windows, at other video kiosks. They have the enthralled anticipation of a mob at a public guillotining.

SPOKESWOMAN

She continues her declamation.

SPOKESWOMAN
The video you are about to see, generated by the Precognitive mutants, is the immutable evidence of the infallible system.
(reassuring smile)
Citizens are urged to call 1-800-PRECRIME with any information that may lead us to the whereabouts of Paul Anderson, future murderer.

ANDERSON

shakes his head in confusion and disbelief. But he has the Precog disc ...

The OLD GUY him nudges him.

OLD GUY
This oughtta be good, huh?

VIDEO KIOSK

And there it is, Anderson and Witwer standing there pointing guns at each other. The whole thing just as we saw it before. All the way through to the fatal moment.

ANDERSON
Oh, Ed ...

Anderson shoots him. Witwer slumps, dying. The video stops. And then begins to play all over again, right from the start, the 1-800-PRECRIME number scrolling along the bottom of it. "Call now! Call now! Call now!"

ANDERSON

moves quickly through the crowds.

INT. A BAR - THE SPRAWL - NIGHT

Ennis Page sits on a bar stool at the far end of a bar so full of cigarette smoke it doesn't seem capable of supporting life. But it supports the kind of life Page is interested in.

An emaciated woman with a feral smile slides onto a stool beside Page. He gives one shake of his head, and she slides away again. His eyes cut to a group of females. He waits for the next approach.

CLOSE ON: PAGE

as a HAND reaches over his shoulder and places a Precog disc on the bar in front of him. Page makes a sound and tries to jump away, as if the disc is something lethal. Which it is, in a way.

Anderson presses him back down on his stool. Sits next to him. Page stares at him, scared. Anderson looks straight ahead as he speaks.

ANDERSON
"Ennis Page engages the services of prostitutes because his relationships with them compound his feelings of self-loathing."
(beat)
Direct quote from your psychological profile -- the kind of shit I had to know as your former boss.

Page reddens, his eyes little slits of embarrassed hatred.

ANDERSON
"Page is an obsessive-compulsive Type Nine." Another quote. Niners are great for the kind of work you do -- keeping all those Precog discs in order.

You can almost see Page's heart slamming in his chest. He tries to hide it with tough talk.

PAGE
I fuck whores and I'm orderly, so what?

ANDERSON
Something's out of order, Ennis. Deeply out of order.

Page looks unhappily at the disc on the bar.

PAGE
You got a disc.

Anderson picks it up, holds it tight in his fist.

ANDERSON
Not a disc. The disc. When I went home sick, I stole it. I took it with me, Ennis. I wasn't sick, I was running with the evidence.
(lets that sink in)
So how is it that Precrime has one, too?

PAGE
(utterly baffled)
You can't make copies.

Anderson waits. Lets Page work through it.

PAGE
It's the basis of the system. The immutable evidence. Copies are impossible.
(beat)
You went home. A little later, I came in with a disc for Mr. Witwer to review. I wasn't halfway out the door when he cried out.

Anderson is barely breathing, he's listening so hard.

PAGE
He was in shock. He showed me. It was you shooting him. Then all hell broke loose. He had to send the Precrime units to your house.

ANDERSON
Ennis -- you gave out the same disc twice. Less than an hour apart. The one I stole. And then another one. Of the same event.

PAGE
It's impossible. The Precogs can only move forward to new events. Into the future. They never repeat.

Anderson looks around. Patrons are beginning to look over in his direction, eyes lingering. He rises.

Page seems in a daze. As an obsessive-compulsive niner, the concept of an untidy system is disorienting.

Anderson starts to say something to the man, then doesn't.

On the way out Anderson gets IdentiScanned. An automatic DIGITAL VOICE calls out after him.

DIGITAL VOICE
Have a nice night, Mr. Symington.

Anderson leaves the dark of the bar for the deeper dark of The Sprawl.

INT. A STREET - THE SPRAWL - DAY

A YOUNG GUY with a sparse moustache walks up to a payphone. He picks up the receiver and immediately gets IdentiScanned. A light goes on, he's about to dial.

Anderson appears out of nowhere, shoulders him out of the way. The young guy drops the receiver and stumbles back onto the sidewalk. Anderson grabs the hanging receiver.

YOUNG GUY
Hey! Hey, you can't --

He reaches for Anderson, then thinks better of it. Anderson is twice his size and very menacing in dark glasses.

YOUNG GUY
I'm gettin' a cop.

The guy scurries off. Anderson dials quickly.

INTERCUT ANDERSON/LISA'S OFFICE

Lisa, walking down a hallway in the Judicial Center, stops to answer her BEEPING cell phone. She leans against a wall, as lawyers and judges pass by.

ANDERSON
It's me.

LISA
Paul.

Lisa grips the phone and turns to the wall.

ANDERSON
Your phone will be bugged. So we can't meet, we can't do anything. Just listen. Knowing you're listening is enough.

Lisa nods, as if he's right there. He <u>is</u> right there, for her. This is all she's got.

ANDERSON
When Precrime stormed the house, I thought you'd called them. Betrayed me.

LISA
No.

ANDERSON
I know. Witwer sent them. He saw the disc and had to do his job.
(beat)
Tell me you forgive me. Please.

LISA
Of course, I forgive you.

There's no time left. He has to get off the line and start moving again. A vast weariness enters his voice.

ANDERSON
All these people I need to forgive me.
(beat)
Do you think Frank forgave me? All I could do for him was send him gardenias.
(long beat)
I love you.

Lisa almost cries out when he hangs up. She flattens herself against a wall. She stays like that for a long moment,

pulling the sound of her husband's voice, his words, deep inside of herself.

And then she gets a look, as one of those words registers profoundly.

LISA
(whispers to herself)
Frank hated gardenias.

EXT. EAST END CEMETERY - ARLINGTON - LATER

A public cemetery along the Potomac. There's not much land left for new graves. A funeral is taking place. A lot of mourners in dark 1950's suits and dresses. The service is nearing its end.

Frank D'Ignazio's newly dug grave is nearby. Lisa stands there, looking at the temporary marker, and the flowers and wreaths piled up against it.

Two rows over, they are lowering the casket into the ground.

High in the sky, a PRECRIME HOVERCRAFT, everpresent in Lisa's life, floats in the low clouds with a barely audible WHINE.

Lisa rests a floral arrangement against the pile of flowers. Her hand drifts near a white GARDENIA WREATH. There is a small envelope tucked beneath a blossom. She takes it.

Then she rises and begins to walk back to her car.

The funeral is over, and the mass of mourners, many wearing dark glasses, fan out toward a long line of cars.

One of the MOURNERS brushes past Lisa. She looks up and he tips his dark glasses down onto his nose and stares over them at her.

It's Anderson. Isn't it? She looks into his eyes. And it's jarring, the blue eyes gone, that they're brown now. But it's <u>him</u>, he's there, and she wants to reach out for him. Knows she can't.

He's already moving on. He's risked everything for a look. He slips into the black sea of mourners, she goes to her car -- neither of them ever breaking stride.

The Precrime craft hovers, unaware.

INT. LISA'S CAR

Lisa opens the envelope as her car drives her down the Alexandria-Washington ConnectWay.

A Precog DISC falls into her hand. Her mouth opens -- she's never held one before.

And there is a NOTE with it.

It READS: "The Precogs generated duplicate discs. This is the first. Precrime has the second. Duplicates. Why?"

EXT. A CONVENIENCE STORE - THE SPRAWL - DAY

Anderson has to eat bad food quickly, and on the run. He gathers up a wrapped sandwich, a bag of donuts, something to drink.

He waits in line. He doesn't like to be in a line, waiting. The woman ahead of him argues about change. He presses his lips together.

And then he glances at the mirrored surface of a hidden camera DOME attached to the ceiling. It gives him a fish eye reflected VIEW of what's happening behind him.

Precrime police are happening behind him. He doesn't stop to ponder, as two Python transports zoom up outside the store.

Anderson vaults the counter, knocking the customer and the clerk to the floor.

INT. BACK ROOM

Anderson plows over a guy filling a trash can. He hears the mechanically altered COMMANDS of a Precrime officer calling from the store.

VOICE
Paul Anderson. Drop to your hands and knees!

Anderson crashes out into an alley, and clambers up a fence. SONIC BLASTS shatter the air around him. Chunks of brick fly off the walls on both sides. But he is full of adrenaline, and there is no stopping him.

INT. A TURBOTRAM - THE SPRAWL - LATER

A different part of the city. Anderson hunkers low in the back seat of a tram.

He looks up, as the DRIVER swears.

DRIVER
What the hell --

Anderson stands up, looks down the aisle, through the windshield. Precrime transports are heading straight at the tram, going the wrong way on a one way avenue.

They've even taken radio control of the P.A. system on the tram.

VOICE
Paul Anderson. Drop to your hands and knees!

Anderson can't believe it -- how are they suddenly pinpointing him? The passengers turn in unison like cattle, and stare at him, terrified.

Anderson grabs his duffel bag and kicks at the back exit doors, smashing them open, and tumbles out onto the street.

He rolls, and is up on his feet in a second, reaching into his bag for a glove. He pulls the weapon onto his right hand, as he whirls around sizing up his predicament.

Precrime transports have begun to seal off both ends of the street. He looks up. He is surrounded by skyscrapers and buildings -- he is walled in, at the bottom of an urban canyon.

People freeze against the sides of buildings, run into doorways where they can. Passengers in trams and taxis or cars stay there, pressed against their windows watching.

Nothing moves, except the Python transports, closing in. The lead officer speaks, with that menacing electronically altered VOICE.

VOICE
Lower your weapon, or we will neutralize your threat potential.

The Precrime police are out of the transports now, advancing at either end of the city street in phalanxes of men.

Anderson eyes the side of the black granite office building closest to him.

ANDERSON'S POV - A HIGH PRESSURE HYDRANT

The large red hydrant sits a few inches out from the building.

Anderson almost smiles as he begins to walk slowly toward it, his weapon pointing harmlessly at the pavement.

VOICE
Do not move!

Anderson is up on the sidewalk now, two feet out from the building, right beside the high pressure hydrant.

He stops, looks up, looks down, looks at the police advancing. It is a moment for prayer. Anderson doesn't have a moment.

He spreads his feet and fires a massive SONIC BLAST down at the sidewalk. The effect on the underground water main is immediate.

A GEYSER of water two feet in diameter erupts straight up from the sidewalk, lifting the tumbling Anderson fifteen feet into the air right alongside the building.

The stunned police officers try to take aim, but Anderson's bouncing at the top of the geyser. And they can't fire, anyway, because officers workers stare at the excitement from every window in the building.

All this in a time span of seconds. The world spins crazily for ANDERSON, but he manages to grip hold of a metal support beam holding the building's sign, one story up.

The police try to see what he's doing, but the torrent of water from the water main break obscures his moves.

He pulls himself onto a ledge, steadies himself, slides along it toward a second story window. The office building gawkers lurch backward from the window as Anderson blasts it to sparkling dust and leaps inside.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING

The building covers almost an entire city block. Anderson, dripping wet, runs from one end of it to another, blasting through doors, shoving terrified workers out of the way.

He is like a wide receiver running the length of the field, jumping obstacles, slamming through, over, and around whatever he must to get to his goal.

And then he reaches his goal -- the windows overlooking the avenue next block over and parallel to the one where Precrime ambushed him.

He spots a double-decker TurboTram moving slowly in the stream of traffic. It pulls to the curb below to pick up passengers.

Anderson blasts out the window and leaps onto the roof of the bus. It is a bone-jarring landing. He loses consciousness for a second, rolls the length of the roof, and slides off it onto the pavement.

He lies there, trying to rouse himself. Traffic brakes to a stop automatically as car and truck sensors read his form in the road. No one wants to touch him. A single car horn SOUNDS, and then a chorus of them.

Anderson rouses, struggles to his feet, and takes off in a limping run.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - LATER

Anderson, out of breath and in pain, leans against a post at the far end of the passenger platform. There are tracks on either side of him, one marked "Uptown" and the other "Downtown."

He feels a blast of air and looks to his right and sees that the Downtown train is coming in. And on his left, too, the Uptown train rounds the bend and comes into view.

Which MagLev train will lead him to safety? Which one won't they pinpoint? He runs up to a teenage KID who has his arm around his girlfriend. They step back, startled. He's got a flat top hair cut, she wears a pleated skirt and saddle shoes.

The trains pull in.

ANDERSON
Pick one for me!

KID
What?

They try to walk away.

ANDERSON
Point to the train I should take.
Please.

KID
I don't know.

The girl lifts a nervous finger and points. The Uptown. He runs to board it, as they run in the opposite direction to the Downtown.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

He sits at the back of the half empty train watching the dark rush by. A train chosen arbitrarily -- it's impossible they could find him.

A station stop. He starts to get off, is actually on the platform, then steps back onto the train.

The rushing dark again. When the MagLev eases to a halt at the next station he gets off this time.

INT. STATION

He walks toward the exit stairs with a handful of people. He eases back and lets them go up first.

THE STAIRS

Precrime officers crouch around the bend, silently snatching people out of the way as they come into view. They wait -- but Anderson does not come. And he does not come.

On signal, the Precrime officers rush down the stairs.

DOORWAY ABOVE THE STAIRS

ANDERSON hangs high above the doorway near the ceiling, adhered by one arm there by a blue glob of adhesive BindFoam.

ANDERSON'S POV - THE OFFICERS

as they run below him down the stairs. They go out of sight, he can hear them rushing along the platform searching for him.

The strain of hanging by one arm is killing him. He reaches up with a laser knife, and cuts away at his coat sleeve, releasing himself from the glob. He drops to the stairs, and instantly slips up them.

He surprises a helmeted OFFICER, just around the bend. He slams HIM against the wall, yanks off his helmet, and holds the laser knife against his throat.

The officer is clearly terrified. He speaks hoarsely through Anderson's choking grip.

OFFICER
Don't kill me! Jesus. Please.

Anderson looks at the panicked officer. Anderson closes his eyes trying to put it together. He opens them.

ANDERSON
But the Precogs would've predicted me killing you. You'd know whether I do or not.

The officer looks at him with eyes begging for mercy. Anderson suddenly gets it. He tightens his grip on the man.

ANDERSON
They shut down the system. Haven't they? They've shut down the Precogs.

The officer nods.

OFFICER
They're off homicides. They're redirecting them to help us locate you.

Which is how they knew where he'd be every time.

Anderson chops quickly at the base of the man's skull, knocking him out. And then he runs, because what else can he do?

INT. JUDICIAL CENTER - DAY

Lisa stands in a long hallway outside a door, labeled: COURTROOM 17. She holds a briefcase in one hand. Down the hall, other courtrooms are in use, but not this one. She enters the dark and vacant Courtroom 17.

INT. COURTROOM 17

Lisa sits at the judge's bench in the empty courtroom. The lights are dim.

She takes a small, battery-powered tv out of her briefcase. She turns it on.

TV

The murder of Witwer by Anderson is being shown over and over in a continuous loop. Flashing at the bottom is the hotline number: "1-800-PRECRIME." Then: "Call Now! Call Now!"

BACK TO SCENE

Now Lisa takes out the Precog disc Anderson gave to her -- the first disc.

She places it in the specialized monitor on the judge's bench.

The tv and the judge's monitor sit side by side. The tv plays the version of the murder from the second disc; the judge's monitor plays the version from the first disc. Lisa watches without the sound playing on either machine.

She stares intently, her eyes flicking back and forth from one version to the other. They seem absolutely identical. When the judge's monitor goes blank, she starts it over again.

Lisa stares, watching her husband murder his best friend, endlessly.

EXT. A GAS STATION - ALEXANDRIA - DAY

A gas station right out of the fifties. An attendant in a uniform and cap whistles while he wipes down the windshield of a sky blue Rambler.

In the background, Anderson walks toward a men's room.

INT. THE MEN'S ROOM

Anderson looks at himself in the mirror. He reaches out and touches one reflected eye, which is a deep brown. It is still startling to him, the color of his eyes.

Then he reaches into his duffel bag and takes out the air syringe Doc gave to him. He looks at it nervously. It is filled with 5 cc's of an opaque green liquid.

He touches the tip of it to the soft center under his chin. He closes his eyes. Then he screws up his courage, and hits the plunger. The liquid is pneumatically delivered with a searing HISS.

Anderson screams out in agony, slams back against the wall of the bathroom. His hands reach up for his face -- which looks like it's boiling from within.

ANDERSON'S FACE

The skin on both cheeks begins to pucker. The muscle tone around his chin goes soft, and begins to sag like an old man's. That is the effect -- like he is aging fifty years. His forehead wrinkles, the skin under his eyes droop. Healthy pink is replaced by bloodless gray.

And mother of god does it hurt.

EXT. THE MEN'S ROOM

The ATTENDANT knocks nervously on the door.

ATTENDANT
You all right in there?

When the door opens, an unhealthy looking old guy with a fedora hat pulled low comes slowly out of the bathroom. Anderson nods, and walks past the attendant, who watches after him uncertainly as he wanders off.

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS - ALEXANDRIA - LATER

The perky tour guide we met earlier takes another group around the headquarters. There may be a massive campaign to find Anderson, but the Precrime public relations machine continues to run without interruption.

There are ten people in the group, and the physically transformed Anderson is among them. They all wear glowing nametags. Anderson's reads, "Mr. Symington." He keeps his hands in his pockets, and his head low.

We have heard the tour guide's spiel before.

TOUR GUIDE
Welcome to the main headquarters of Precrime. Smaller Precrime branches are scattered throughout the United States.

She is about to go on when she looks over at Anderson. He is fidgeting uncomfortably.

TOUR GUIDE
Are you ... all right, Mr. Symington?

Anderson moves up close to her, a little too close. He whispers to her, embarrassed. She gives him a professional smile, and points in the distance past the elevators.

Anderson nods, and heads off. She calls after him.

TOUR GUIDE
We'll wait right here for you, sir!

INT. A STAIRWELL

Anderson runs down a back stairwell to a lower floor.

INT. A BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Anderson stands outside a door marked: "Housekeeping." Above the doorway is an IdentiScan device.

Anderson reaches into his coat and carefully removes a small cryo-jar.

CLOSE ON: THE CRYO-JAR

Imbedded in the clear gelatinous coolant are two eyeballs -- the irises a luminous blue.

INT. SEARCH AND COMMAND - MOMENTS LATER

The operations room in Precrime. The technicians sit at their computers and holographic tracking displays.

Witwer paces among them. His eyes keep flicking to the digital clock on the wall. Then they cut back to the men and machines that are telling him nothing. Witwer does not look well at all.

When a TECHNICIAN leans close to his computer monitor, Witwer almost leaps across the room to get to him. He looks over the man's shoulder.

WITWER
What is it?

TECHNICIAN
Must be a glitch ...

WITWER
What?

TECHNICIAN
Anderson just got IdentiScanned.

Witwer grips the back of the technician's chair. The technician types the data through again.

TECHNICIAN
It's him -- he's been scanned.

WITWER
Where is he?

The technician looks up at Witwer.

TECHNICIAN
But he's had his eyes done. Right? Sir?

Witwer tries to think it through.

WITWER
(barely audible)
He had to have.

The technician's computer flashes the next piece of information. When he speaks, it's the last thing Witwer wants to hear.

TECHNICIAN
Jesus Christ, sir. He's in the basement of this building.

All eyes turn to Witwer. The unspoken question hangs in the air. Anderson's come to murder Witwer?

INT. PRECRIME HEADQUARTERS

Throughout the building, every available Precrime officer begins to receive orders to mobilize toward the basement.

INT. THE PRECOG CHAMBER

Four officers stand guard in the chamber. They listen to the orders coming in on their earpieces. Three of the guards rush out of the room, one stays behind.

The three Precogs sit in their oversized chairs, the female in the middle, the males on either side of her. Their eyes are open ... and they are deeply alert.

Two technicians tend to the Precogs. At the back of the chamber, through a large window, we see Ennis Page sitting at the huge mainframe.

INT. SEARCH AND COMMAND

A ring of Precrime officers three men deep stand guard around Witwer. Witwer looks like he wants to kill them all.

WITWER
This is <u>ridiculous</u>.

Lieutenant Glaser replies forcefully.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
Standing orders from the Security Panel, sir.

WITWER
If he wants to get to me, he'll get to me.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
No, he won't, sir.

Witwer looks at the confident young officer almost pityingly. Then his eyes flick to the wall clock.

INT. THE BASEMENT

Armed Precrime officers clog the corridors, conducting defensive searches of one room after another. All they are coming up with so far are some very startled housekeepers.

INT. THE PRECOG CHAMBER

In the chamber are one guard, two technicians, and three Precogs. And all of them are left in sudden darkness, as the power is cut.

INT. SEARCH AND COMMAND

The officers around Witwer reach for their maglite flashlights. The Search and Command room suddenly looks exceedingly vulnerable.

A technician calls out from the darkness.

TECHNICIAN
Don't worry, sir -- emergency generators will kick on in five seconds.

The green glow from a roomful of wristwatches makes the room seem alive with fireflies. Five seconds go by. Then ten more.

WITWER
Explanation, please!

TECHNICIAN
Uh, sir. It seems ... he got the generators, too.

There is a long moment of silence. And then Witwer begins to laugh.

INT. THE PRECOG CHAMBER

The room is utterly dark and silent. The silence is broken by the SOUND of something rolling across the floor. Somebody speaks, probably the guard.

VOICE
Shit.

An explosion of light fills the room in STROBE-LIKE blasts. And leaping through the light is ANDERSON. The temporarily blinded guard and technicians have dropped to their knees. Anderson stun guns them quickly.

The strobes fade, and Anderson sets a zirc-flare on the floor. We see that the enzyme is wearing off -- his facial features are returning to normal.

He is oblivious to the Precogs in their chairs. It is the equipment he is after.

Through the observation window we see ENNIS PAGE watching in horror as Anderson severs the light cables connecting the Precog helmets to the mainframe.

Anderson aims a sonic blast at the observation window, blowing it out and knocking Page unconscious. Then he reaches into the room and destroys the mainframe itself with a series of blasts.

Anderson is so intent on destruction he does not sense a PRESENCE behind him. Perhaps it is because the movement is so completely devoid of malice it is beyond detection.

A HAND, the fingers pale and slender, reaches out and takes hold of his hand.

Anderson whirls around, weapon out. And there before him, is the FEMALE Precog. He looks at her, then beyond her to the other Precogs who are lolling in semiconsciousness in their chairs.

Her helmet is off. She is young, but her close-cropped hair is silver white. And when she speaks, her voice is like the wind whispering through time.

FEMALE
Save us, Anderson.

Anderson can feel the seconds ticking away, his carefully planned operation interrupted in an unfathomable way.

ANDERSON
I have to get out of here.

She grips his hand.

FEMALE
Save us.

It is beyond pitiful, this frail little woman, pleading. And her eyes, she won't let him go. She is beginning to weaken, to sway on her feet.

A sudden realization floods over Anderson.

ANDERSON
You let me get here, didn't you? You stopped giving them information, so they couldn't track me.

The Precog female is fading fast. She tries to reach out for him and her legs give way.

FEMALE
Save --

And what can Anderson do but catch her before she falls? What can he do but throw her over his shoulder, and in the fading light of the flair, make a run for freedom.

INT. JUDICIAL CENTER

Lisa has been staring at the judge's monitor and the tv screen for over an hour. The two versions of Anderson murdering Witwer play over and over.

LISA
(wearily, to herself)
Help me, Paul.

She hits freeze-frame on the judge's monitor, at a moment during his confrontation with Witwer when Anderson's FACE fills the screen.

Lisa looks with deep urgency into her husband's eyes.

And it is his EYES, finally, that tell her everything. Lisa's hand rises to her open mouth.

LISA
They're blue.

She keeps the image on freeze-frame, and turns and looks at the tv, which shows Precrime's disc over and over, the 1-800 number scrolling along the bottom.

When the same close-up of Anderson flashes onto the tv screen, she leans close to it and squints.

Anderson stares right back at her. And for the first time, Lisa sees that the tapes are not exactly identical. His eyes ...

LISA
And now they're brown.

For the first time in days she allows herself a small smile.

INT. PRECOG CHAMBER

Power has been restored to Precrime Headquarters. Witwer walks slowly through the ruins of the Chamber. EMT teams work on Ennis Page and the other dazed personnel Anderson has left in his wake.

Technicians cluster around the two remaining Precogs, the brothers. Their eyes are closed and they are limp. Their lips move soundlessly as if in conversation with each other.

Lieutenant Glaser is with him, but when Witwer speaks it is almost to himself.

WITWER
Why didn't the Precogs know he was coming to do this?

The Lieutenant has no reply. Witwer runs both hands through his hair. It has begun to wear him down, the ticking of the clock ...

WITWER
The next time he shows up it'll be to kill me.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
We won't let that happen, sir.

Witwer takes in the chaotic scene around him, then gives the Lieutenant a withering look.

WITWER
You won't, huh?

When the Lieutenant tries to speak to him, Witwer walks away and goes over to the technicians working on the Precogs. He stares at the Precogs.

WITWER
(to a technician)
When can we get these things operational?

TECHNICIAN
They're a hive mind, sir. It takes three for their predictive abilities to be fully operational.

Which Witwer does not want to hear. Witwer leans very close to the technician.

WITWER
These two are all I have to find the man who is about to murder me. Hook them up, and flood them with whatever kind of fucking chemicals you have to. They are a machine, and I need that machine at my disposal.

The Precogs's lips stop for a microsecond, and then begin their silent movements again.

INT. ENNIS PAGE'S HOUSE - ALEXANDRIA - NIGHT

Ennis Page is a man unglued. He sits on a tidy little sofa, in a tidy 1950's style living room. But his movements have become untidy. He puts a very tiny pill on his tongue.

When he drinks from a glass of water, it dribbles down his chin onto his shirt. Not like Ennis, at all.

When his doorbell RINGS, he slowly looks up, then looks down at the floor again. He doesn't answer it. It RINGS some more.

And then Lisa is standing there before him.

LISA
Your IdentiScan is off, Ennis. I could just walk in here.

PAGE
I forgot. To turn it on.

She sits down beside him.

LISA
You don't look surprised to see me.

She glances at the bubble pack of pills on the table beside him, three gone.

LISA
I need your help.

Unexpectedly, tears well up in Ennis's eyes.

PAGE
He took one of my babies.

LISA
He's desperate, Ennis. He had to.
(beat)
We have to help him.

Lisa holds the Precog disc in front of his eyes. He closes them against the sight, as if it were an evil talisman.

LISA
It's a fake, Ennis.

Ennis's eyes open again.

LISA
This is the first disc. You delivered it to Director Anderson. He reviewed it. And then he stole it, and went on the run.

Ennis tries to think through his fear and haze. His words slur.

PAGE
I delivered ... a fake ... to him?

LISA
But he thought it was real, and ran with it.

The pills, his tidy world coming apart -- Ennis is losing it.

LISA
An hour later, you delivered a second disc of the same event. Witwer reviewed it. It was real.
(beat)
How do I know this?

Ennis just wants her to go away. He wants it all to go away. Tears stream down his face.

LISA
Director Anderson had his eyes changed. They were blue. Now he has brown ones.

Ennis is sliding away. Lisa takes hold of him. Makes him listen, dammit. She points to the disc in her hand.

LISA
This disc, the fake one, shows a blue-eyed Anderson murdering Witwer two days from now. He doesn't have blue eyes anymore. The person who faked this disc had no idea he would change his eyes.

Lisa shakes him.

LISA
Listen! But the second disc has to be real, because he has brown eyes when he murders Witwer.
(beat)
Somebody tried to frame him with a fake. And somehow it all became real. Why, Ennis? How could this happen?

Ennis gives her a look that's on the other side of comprehension.

LISA
You handle the discs. How did a fake one get delivered?

Ennis's eyes roll back into his head.

PAGE
Coffee ...

LISA
You want -- ?

PAGE
He spilled coffee everywhere ...
Everywhere ...

LISA
What coffee? What are you -- ?

But Ennis sags unconscious. She shakes him hard, even slaps him, but Ennis is out. She lets him drop down on the sofa.

From outside the house, somewhere high in the clouds, comes the WHINE of a hovercraft.

Lisa looks once more at Ennis, then gets out of there.

INT. A ROOM - THE SPRAWL - NIGHT

A small, dreary room, invisible with insignificance. Which is just the kind of room you want if you've stolen a Precog.

The female Precog lies on a cot. Anderson sits on a metal folding chair watching her.

Her eyes slowly open and look at him.

FEMALE
My brothers aren't here.

ANDERSON
You didn't even look around. You knew.

FEMALE
(beat)
We can sense each other. You must save --

Anderson cuts her off with a curt shake of his head.

ANDERSON
Stop. I saved you. It was the best I could do.

She turns away and looks at the yellowing paper on the wall. There is a fading pink cabbage rose. She traces the outline of it with her thin finger.

She turns back to him.

FEMALE
Thank you, Anderson.

It is deeply eerie for him, chatting with a Precog.

ANDERSON
What am I going to do with you?

Her eyes grow very serious.

FEMALE
Name me, Anderson.

ANDERSON
What?

FEMALE
Give me a name. I've never had one.

Anderson rises, moves around the small room. He is shamed, embarrassed.

ANDERSON
Listen.

She turns to the wall.

ANDERSON
Listen to me.
(beat)
Listen to me ... Rose.

It is heartrendingly touching, the smile she gives him when she faces him again.

FEMALE
Rose.

ANDERSON
Rose. They shifted your precognition so you would locate me.

ROSE
(beat)
Yes. And it hurt us, physically. Did you know that? The helmets, the controls. It hurts.

ANDERSON
(guiltily)
I didn't know.

For a long moment he can't say anything. But there are things he needs to understand ...

ANDERSON
When they shifted you to find me, you didn't reveal everything. That I was going to break into Precrime.

ROSE
We saw our chance. You would need to shut us down, you would have to come. We wanted you to come.

ANDERSON
You used me -- to save you.

ROSE
I have been used all my life, Anderson.

Anderson can't meet her eyes.

ROSE
No one cared that we were human. From a human mother. Taken at birth. Hooked to machines.
(beat)
We have been alive, Anderson. Enslaved, for the greater good.

Her words are unbearable, for both of them. She traces the outline of the wallpaper rose again.

ROSE
But now I have a name. And I know the man who has named me will not allow me to be enslaved again.

Anderson looks at her, then goes to the window, carefully watches the street below.

ANDERSON
Rose. What's going to happen to us? Can you see that?

ROSE
I'm weak. And away from my brothers. I see glimpses and hints of things nearby. But it's all ... scattered.
(beat)
I'm tired of the future, Anderson.

She lies on the bed, watching as Anderson comes back to her. He sits carefully on the side of her bed.

Then he reaches out, and gently touches her cheek.

ANDERSON
You didn't know I was going to do that, did you?

She is almost too overwhelmed to speak.

ROSE
No. Oh, Anderson. It was lovely.

And now it is Anderson who is overwhelmed.

INT. ENNIS PAGE'S HOUSE - DAWN

If he were not already dead, it would've killed Ennis Page to see the state of his living room. Precrime officers everywhere. Blood on the rug. A gun beside the sofa.

Witwer stands in the corner of the room watching the Coroner crab walk Page's body. It WHIRS and CLICKS as it probes and takes samples from various sites.

The holographic doctor waits patiently as the Coroner crab makes its determinations.

Lieutenant Glaser talks quietly to Witwer.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
Who else could it've been?

The crab probes the ragged hole in Page's head.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
He grabbed a Precog so he could commit an undetected murder.

WITWER
(beat)
Page worshipped the system. He fell apart. Shot himself.

The Lieutenant rolls his eyes.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
Anderson.

Witwer doesn't say anything. He just stares at the body.

The crab finishes. The holographic doctor unfolds his arms and turns his head to Witwer. He is only a computer interface, but even so, it seems as if there is surprise in his digitalized voice.

HOLOGRAPHIC DOCTOR
Director Witwer. This event is a positive homicide.
(beat)
A mortal wound was generated by a .38 calibre bullet delivered to the left occipital portion of the anterior skull, on June 16th, 2040, at 1:24 am, Eastern Standard Time. A Phase Two Investigation is in order.

No one says anything as the holographic doctor dematerializes and the Coroner crab walks across the floor and puts itself back in its box.

At last, someone moves. It is Witwer. He lifts his arm, pulls back his shirtsleeve, and stares long and hard at his watch.

INT. WITWER'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Lisa sits biting her lip as Witwer watches two monitors play the two versions of Anderson's murder of Witwer. Lisa points.

LISA
There.

She reaches down and freezes on a close-up of Anderson on the two monitors.

CLOSE ON - THE MONITORS

On the left monitor Anderson has blue eyes, on the right he has brown.

LISA
The one on the left, the first disc -- it's a fake. He doesn't have blue eyes anymore.

Witwer stares for a long time.

WITWER
A fake.
(beat)
But the Precogs predict the infallible truth. They don't emit fake discs.

And now Lisa smiles. She has set her lawyerly mind to the solution. It is her moment.

LISA
Exactly. You can't tamper with the Precogs, induce them to make fakes.
(beat)
But that doesn't mean someone couldn't have made a fake disc on their own and inserted it into the delivery system.

The simplicity of it is inconceivable. Witwer speaks carefully, trying to process it.

WITWER
Bypass the Precogs and slip a fake disc in with that day's real ones ...

LISA
(excited)
We're all programmed to believe anything we see on a Precog disc. The system has never been wrong ...

Witwer stares at the proof before him -- the different colored eyes of Anderson. He ejects both discs and holds them in his hands.

LISA
You have to call off the hunt. He was set up.

Witwer looks at the two discs he is holding.

WITWER
(long beat)
It's gone too far, Lisa.

She shakes her head, shocked at his response.

LISA
He was set up! You both were. If Paul kills you, you're both out of the picture.

WITWER
Who wants us out? Of what picture?

LISA
Jesus, Ed. Stop this thing! And then we can investigate --

Witwer's mouth opens and closes. He tries again.

WITWER
Ennis Page was murdered last night.

The blood drains from Lisa's face.

WITWER
Everything points to Paul.

LISA
He's not a murderer.

WITWER
I think he is. A murderer ... and a future murderer.
(beat)
Lisa. What does it matter that the first disc is a fake ... if the second one's real?

Witwer's hands close tight on the discs. Lisa stands there, motionless. Then she turns, and leaves his office, abruptly. He watches her go.

INT. A ROOM - THE SPRAWL - DAY

Rose sits in a chair near the window. She is chewing lightly on a cracker. Her face shows wonder -- at the cracker's texture and taste. She holds it up and admires its shape.

Anderson's mood is less wondrous.

ANDERSON
Rose. Listen to me. I'm going to leave you here. I have to keep moving.

Rose's smile abruptly vanishes.

ROSE
No. You must save my brothers.

ANDERSON
It's impossible. There's no time. I've done what I can do!

Rose waits for him to finish. She looks out the window at the street scene.

ROSE
Come here, Anderson.

He does, reluctantly.

ROSE
Do you see that boy in the blue hat walking with his mother?
(beat)
In sixty seconds he will walk beneath those workers installing a window on the tenth floor of that building.

ANDERSON'S POV - THE BOY AND THE WORKERS

Two men struggle to lift a large window in place. Way below the little boy in the blue hat walks on along the sidewalk holding his mother's hand.

ROSE
They'll drop the window, killing him. It is impossible to save him.

Anderson turns to her, shocked.

And then he runs for the door, hurls it open, and disappears down the hall.

Rose listens to his FOOTSTEPS crashing down the stairs.

EXT. THE STREET

Even as Anderson rushes out of the boarding house, the WORKERS have lost their grip on the window.

The little BOY in the blue hat and his MOTHER walk unwittingly toward disaster. They do not appear to hear the MEN'S cries.

The WINDOW falls end over end above the boy's head. The sunlight sparks off of the glass, so that from a distance it looks like a star falling from the sky.

A WOMAN across the street sees what is happening, and cries out.

But what Anderson does is run. He runs faster and harder than humanly possible. He does not care if he is recognized or hit by a passing taxi. He is going to get to that boy. He has to get to that boy ...

ANDERSON rams the BOY from behind just as the corner of the window frame kisses the boy's blue hat. He knocks the boy to safety as glass and metal SMASH into the sidewalk.

The mother does not even have time to scream. She is on the ground, stunned. But Anderson has saved the boy.

He rolls away, and gets to his feet. Before anyone can put together what has happened, Anderson has ducked into an alley, and is gone.

INT. THE ROOM - LATER

Anderson enters the room again, out of breath, some small cuts on his face and hands. He stands across the room staring at Rose.

Rose considers him. When she speaks her voice is near and distant at the same time. For Anderson, it is as if the words are coming from a place inside his own head.

ROSE
It was impossible to save that boy -- but you did, Anderson. It's in you. It's what you are.

Anderson sits on the floor and leans back wearily against a wall.

ANDERSON
You knew it wasn't impossible. That I'd get there.

Rose reveals nothing.

ROSE
You are a man who saves others.
(beat)
Save my brothers.

Anderson almost laughs. Her persistence is unbelievable.

ANDERSON
I'm in a lot of trouble right now.

ROSE
My brothers are in more trouble. They've moved them to ... an awful place.

ANDERSON
Rose. Ed Witwer -- he's in the most trouble of all. Who saves him?

Rose suddenly grimaces in pain, and grips the side of her head. She curls into a fetal position.

Anderson goes to her, touches her thin shoulder. Her eyes roll into the back of her head.

Whose pain is she feeling? Her own? Someone else's? Anderson doesn't want to think about it.

INT. PRECOG ENGINEERING LAB - CHEVY CHASE, MD - NIGHT

Because Anderson has destroyed the Precog Chamber, the two Precog brothers have been brought here.

The room is makeshift, uncomfortable ... a place for experiments. The brothers are strapped into chairs. They are helmeted.

But unlike before, large bore needles have been placed in their jugular veins. Connected to the needles are long twists of IV tubing. There are several IVs running at high drip rates.

The brothers seem to be seizing uncontrollably. The technicians do not push sedatives into IV ports to stop the seizing. They only pull the chair restraints tighter.

Witwer has his back to all this. He stands with Dr. Resfield, watching a technician working the keyboard on a huge mainframe.

Dr. Resfield, a man not given to squeamishness, looks back at the Precogs, uneasy.

DR. RESFIELD
We're not really set up for this type of --

He stops talking when he looks into Witwer's hollow eyes. Witwer is somewhere beyond the influence and reach of words.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE ROOM - MORNING

Anderson tries to get Rose to drink some water. Her skin is translucent, unhealthy, glistening with sweat.

ANDERSON
Rose. Try to drink.

She pushes the cup away. She closes her eyes, as if even the dim light of the room causes her pain.

ROSE
Your wife. We have to get her here, Anderson.

She opens her eyes. Anderson doesn't like the feel of this.

ANDERSON
Why?

ROSE
I don't know ...

ANDERSON
What are you seeing?

ROSE
Glimpses, Anderson. Please. We have to get her here.

ANDERSON
You're scaring me, Rose --

She covers his mouth with her hand.

ROSE
Stop talking. It uses me up.

For a long time, Rose says nothing. Her gaze is locked onto a distance beyond the room. At last, she speaks.

ROSE
In three minutes your wife will take a walk ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDICIAL CENTER - ALEXANDRIA - LATER

Lisa sits in her office. But she can't stand it, the sitting and waiting. She has to move.

She gets up and hurriedly leaves her office.

INT. JUDICIAL CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Witwer walks past Lisa's SECRETARY toward the open door of Lisa's office.

SECRETARY
Sir? I'm sorry, she stepped out for a few minutes.
(beat)
Sir?

Witwer stares into the empty office. There is a clock on Lisa's desk. His eyes fix on it.

EXT. JUDICIAL CENTER - ALEXANDRIA

Lisa moves quickly down the steps of the white marble building. She takes a deep breath, then heads down Jefferson Boulevard toward the city.

A sleek black TRANSPORT with two Precrime officers in it follows her from a discreet distance.

In the sky above, the ubiquitous Precrime hovercraft.

INT. CITY STREET - ALEXANDRIA

Lisa walks down the street. She hugs herself, barely aware of her surroundings. She passes by stores, restaurants, payphones, video kiosks ... oblivious. People push past her.

On a street corner, as she waits at a red light, the payphone beside her begins to RING. If she hears it, she gives no indication. A KID reaches for it, listens, hangs up.

She walks on. Stores. Restaurants. An art gallery. As she comes abreast of another PAYPHONE, it suddenly starts to ring. This time Lisa glances at it. But again, walks on.

The TRANSPORT weaves through traffic, nearby.

She walks past the K.L. Lawrence Graphics Museum. And another restaurant. And a PAYPHONE. And this time, finally, when it, too, RINGS, she turns and looks hard at it.

A man begins to walk over to it. Lisa almost knocks him out of the way to get to it. She grabs at the receiver.

LISA
Hello? Hello?

ANDERSON'S VOICE
I need you.

Lisa's forehead sags against the side of the payphone. She basks in the sound of him.

ANDERSON'S VOICE
It's 1:03. Set your watch, exactly.

Lisa pushes the buttons on her digital watch as she listens.

LISA
Okay.

ANDERSON'S VOICE
This is what you have to do ...

We now hear ANDERSON continue in VOICE OVER as we follow Lisa through a SEQUENCE OF EVENTS ...

EXT. THE LAWRENCE MUSEUM

Lisa walks up the steps of the museum.

ANDERSON V.O.
At 1:07 hang up the phone and enter the Lawrence Museum.

INT. GRAPHICS GALLERY

Lisa walks quickly through a display of 19th century magazine advertising.

INT. GRAPHICS GALLERY

The two Precrime officers walk into a room filled with Chinese graphics.

ANDERSON V.O.
At 1:13 the two Precrime officers following you take a wrong turn into a different room, losing sight of you for ten seconds.

The officers start toward the entrance way to another room, then hesitate uncertainly, and go for another entrance way.

EXT. THE LAWRENCE MUSEUM

Lisa hurries down the steps.

INT. A SUBWAY STATION

Lisa boards the "A" MagLev train.

ANDERSON V.O.
An undercover transport officer will have received emergency orders to follow you.
(MORE)

ANDERSON V.O. (cont'd)
He's wearing a red tie. He has short blond hair.

INT. THE SUBWAY CAR

The blond transport officer with the red tie sits at the far end of Lisa's car, watching her.

At the next stop Lisa gets off. He follows, not too far behind.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Lisa starts up the stairs. She looks at her watch, then makes herself pause a few moments, to keep within Anderson's time frame. She starts up again.

ANDERSON V.O.
As you come around the bend, cry out and turn around and slap the officer ...

Lisa does this, and the officer reels back, surprised.

At the same moment two big men rushing to catch a subway come into view, and see this happening. Lisa starts to run. When the undercover officer tries to stop her, the two men grab the officer, and they get into a fight.

Lisa escapes.

INT. A TAXI - THE SPRAWL

Lisa looks at her watch, then taps the window for the driver to stop. She gets out.

ANDERSON V.O.
Stay on Ninth street. Underneath Ninth street is the main power feed for The Sprawl. It'll mess up the navigational beacon on the hovercraft.
(beat)
Keep switching taxis. But stay on Ninth.

She hails another taxi. She holds her hand over the IdentiScan before it can read her. The taxi driver looks at her, sees her smile, sees the prepaid cash card she holds out to him.

LISA
Two hundred dollars if you don't scan me.

It's The Sprawl -- stranger things have happened. He grabs the card, and jerks his head for her to get in. They take off.

EXT. NINTH STREET - LATER

Lisa gets out of the taxi and looks briefly into the sky. It is dense with holographic billboards, skim-jets, dirigibles. Somewhere in all that is a Precrime hovercraft.

And the neighborhood around her is definitely downscale.

ANDERSON V.O.
The hovercraft will try to drop altitude, but the air traffic will slow it down.
(beat)
Precrime loses you. You'll have to walk two miles. Don't get scanned.

EXT. THE SPRAWL

Lisa walks hurriedly down a side street. She stands out in her white dress -- a spot of vulnerable color in world of black.

Too vulnerable to pass up. A MAN in a gray overcoat slides out from between two buildings in front of her. He is not coy about his intent. He comes straight at her, all business.

Lisa freezes in place. She looks at her watch. The man grabs her by the shoulder. When she starts to scream, he claps his hand over her mouth, hard.

MAN
You bite me, bitch, I'll pull your teeth out.

Her eyes look around frantically. He starts to drag her backwards into the dark.

ANDERSON leaps into view, and slams the man's head into a light post. It takes a lot of slamming before he loosens his grip on Lisa. His legs at last collapse under him.

Anderson scoops Lisa off the ground. She hugs him hard.

Then pulls back from him. She gives him a look.

LISA
Cut it a little close there, honeybunch.

ANDERSON
Rose got the street wrong. She's getting weak.

LISA
Rose?

INT. THE BOARDING HOUSE - LATER

Rose sits up in bed silently watching Lisa and Anderson together.

Lisa needs to touch him. She keeps a hand on his arm, brushes back a loose lock of his hair. Rose is mesmerized by her actions. She drinks in everything, every bit of life.

Anderson and Lisa are deep in conversation. They speak to each other as if Rose were hardly present in the room.

Anderson is trying to process everything Lisa has told him.

ANDERSON
Two discs. One fake. One real.

LISA
I don't think there were supposed to be two. Whoever planned it, wasn't counting on two.

They are silent for a long time. Rose watches them work it through.

ANDERSON
An infallible system. Every disc ever generated has been true ...

LISA
Somebody wants you out of the way -- so they make a fake disc. Who ever doubts the discs?

ANDERSON
I never doubted it. I saw it. And believed it, absolutely. I was certain I was going to murder Witwer.

Anderson is shaking. Lisa wraps her arms around him. His voice is a stunned whisper.

ANDERSON
I saw the fake, and believed so much in the system, that I saw myself as a murderer.
(beats)
And the Precogs picked up those thoughts ...

LISA
And generated the second disc. The real one.

ANDERSON
A self-fulfilling prophesy. I believed it was true. And <u>that</u> made it true.

Anderson and Lisa turn and look at Rose. She lies curled on the bed, her face to the wall.

ANDERSON
Rose. If all this is based on a lie -- the fake disc -- then do I really kill Witwer?

ROSE
(beat)
We see what we see. I'm sorry, Anderson. It's been predicted.

Such a small voice, delivering a message of such finality.

INT. WITWER'S OFFICE - MIDNIGHT

Lieutenant Glaser tries to get through to Witwer. Witwer's back is turned to him.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
We can't take chances, sir.

Witwer doesn't move or answer.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
It happens in less than three hours.
(beat)
We put you in a hovercraft and keep you airborne -- until after the event.

WITWER
The event.

Lieutenant Glaser shifts uncomfortably.

LIEUTENANT GLASER
I've been ordered to get you onto the craft. By force if necessary.

WITWER
The event is inevitable, Lieutenant ...

Witwer doesn't turn around.

WITWER
The Precogs are never wrong. The event will take place. I'm a believer. Aren't you?

LIEUTENANT GLASER
I don't leave this room without you, sir. The Security Panel insists.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOARDING HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Anderson and Lisa keep working it, peeling away the layers. Rose lies silent.

ANDERSON
Nobody could slip a fake disc past Ennis Page.

Lisa shakes her head.

LISA
He was the weak link in the perfect system.

ANDERSON
Obsessive compulsive niners can't allow changes in the routine.

LISA
Something threw him off.
(beat)
He tried to tell me. It didn't make any sense. Something about "spilled coffee."
(beat)
Someone was in his office with him. And coffee spilled ...

We stay CLOSE ON Anderson and Lisa as Rose's voice cuts in.

ROSE V.O.
We were always treated as if we weren't alive. As if we weren't <u>there</u>.

The camera pulls back and they are watching her as she continues to speak.

ROSE
Even now. You forget that I'm here. You talk between yourselves. And when you need me to see into the future, <u>then</u> you turn to me.

ANDERSON
Rose. What is it?

ROSE
(beat)
We weren't just lost in the future. We were in the Chamber, too. Our eyes were open. In the present.

And then Anderson gets it. He kneels beside her bed.

ANDERSON
Your eyes were open. What did you see, Rose?

ROSE
Who would I have told? Who ever talked to us? Who cared that we could talk?

ANDERSON
Rose. Who spilled the coffee?

Rose stares straight ahead ...

MEMORY HIT

Rose sits in her chair in the Precog Chamber. Her brothers sit in their usual places on either side of her. The technicians tend to them.

Rose's eyes are open. She sees everything in the room. The technicians, the machines ... and across the room a large window where she can see Ennis Page working the mainframe computer.

Rose watches through the window ...

As the computer emits discs, Page gathers them.

ROSE V.O.
Ed Witwer entered Page's office.

Witwer carries a mug of coffee.

Ennis Page goes red in the face, stares at the coffee. Speaks to Witwer, angrily, pointing to the coffee. We can't hear the words.

ROSE V.O
Page was so upset at the sight of the coffee.

Witwer goes to put the coffee down on a small table. It tips, and spills.

Page looks like his head will explode. He pulls a neatly folded white handkerchief out of his back pocket and drops to his hands and knees and begins to obsessively blot at the coffee stain on his spotless rug.

ROSE V.O.
Ed Witwer took a disc from his pocket, reached over Page and put it in one of the open cases.

Witwer closes the case. He looks through the window into the Precog Chamber, but the only one watching him is Rose -- and what does she matter?

Page rises angrily from cleaning the rug. Witwer shrugs in apology and leaves the room. Page stares after him.

BACK TO SCENE

Rose is weeping. She looks at Anderson and Lisa.

ROSE
I didn't understand what I'd seen. And I had no one to tell ...

Lisa puts her arms around Rose.

Anderson tries to comprehend what he has heard.

ANDERSON
Ed ...

Lisa turns, and speaks softly to her husband.

LISA
The perfect system -- brought down by a cup of coffee. My god.

ANDERSON
(long beat)
He set into motion his own death. He didn't know it would go this far.
(to Rose)
What makes me leave this room? If I stay here, I won't kill him. Right?

But Rose and her brothers have already answered that question for him.

CUT TO:

INT. WITWER'S OFFICE

Lieutenant Glaser looks at his watch. Witwer is still in his chair, turned away from him.

WITWER
You see, if you think you can put me on a hovercraft and save me, then you don't believe in the infallibility of the Precog system.

Lieutenant Glaser has his orders. He begins to approach.

And as he does, Witwer swivels his chair around, and lifts the weapon he has been holding and silently shoots Lieutenant Glaser in the forehead.

WITWER
And what I do not want around me, are non-believers.

Witwer steps over the body as if it doesn't exist, and walks out of the office, locking the door behind him.

EXT. THE PRECOG ENGINEERING LAB - CHEVY CHASE, MD - LATER

Witwer gets out his car and looks at the two story concrete building that houses the lab. The lights are out in all the windows except the back section of the second floor. There, the lights burn brightly.

Witwer sees Precrime officers posted at intervals around it. He smiles as if he knows something they don't. He looks at his watch. It is a cool night, but his face is slick with sweat.

He walks to the entrance of the building. An OFFICER is startled to see him.

WITWER
Things quiet?

OFFICER
Sir. Should you ... be here?

WITWER
There's been a development. A body's been found in the Sprawl.

OFFICER
Anderson's?

WITWER
They're checking it out. I need to see what the Precogs have seen.

Witwer is IdentiScanned. The door opens and he goes in.

INT. THE LAB

Dr. Resfield looks up as Witwer strides into the lab, carrying a tv under his arm. Witwer is the last person he wants to see.

WITWER
Borrowed this from the technicians' lounge. You don't think they'll mind, do you?

DR. RESFIELD
You shouldn't be here, Director.

Dr. Resfield's eyes cut to a large digital clock on the wall, the red numbers ticking off time in seconds.

Witwer looks for a plug, finds one. Plugs in the tv.

WITWER
No, no. This is <u>exactly</u> where I should be.

DR. RESFIELD
You're under a lot of strain, Director.

Witwer finds what he's looking for -- the continuous loop of his murder by Anderson. "Call Now! Call Now!"

WITWER
And tv's so good for that -- soothes the mind.

Witwer turns his sweaty face to Resfield and gives him a bright smile. The scientist looks like he wants to run out of the room.

Witwer takes him by the elbow and guides him toward the Precogs. Two technicians hover over the Precogs adjusting IV's and turning dials on the Precogs's organic helmets.

The Precogs wince and shiver with each turn of the dial. But they are no longer violently seizing -- they are too weak for that.

WITWER
Bring me up to speed, Doc.

DR. RESFIELD
We're getting nothing from them.

WITWER
And that's because ... ?

Witwer still grips him by the elbow.

DR. RESFIELD
I don't know.

WITWER
Do you think they know where Anderson is?

DR. RESFIELD
It's impossible to tell.
(beat)
We've done <u>everything</u>. Maybe even too much.

Witwer stares at the Precogs.

WITWER
They know how to find Anderson for me.
(beat)
They're the perfect machine, Doctor. You just have to know which button to push.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - THE SPRAWL

Rose looks like she's on fire. Anderson wets another towel, wrings it over the sink. Lisa takes it, and wipes down Rose's face and arms.

Rose's lips are moving soundlessly. Her eyes are shut tight. She begins to writhe in bed.

ANDERSON
Jesus Christ.

LISA
Come on, Rose.

Anderson looks at his watch.

ANDERSON
One hour. We hold it together for an hour, Witwer lives -- and I'm not a murderer.

LISA
She won't last an hour.

It suddenly looks much worse than that. Rose's body contorts horribly and she arches up off the bed. Lisa can't control her.

Anderson reaches for her, wraps her in his arms, trying to hold and comfort her.

ANDERSON
Rose!

She begins to wail as she thrashes in his arms.

ROSE
He's killed him, Anderson!

Rose stiffens into a seizure posture, then her body goes slack. Anderson eases her back on the bed. He stares at her, stricken.

Her voice barely leaves her now.

ROSE
You didn't save my brother.

Anderson reels at her words.

ANDERSON
Did he kill both of them, Rose? Rose!

Rose manages to speak, one last time. Her whispered words damn him.

ROSE
Does it matter, Anderson?

Anderson rises. Looks down at Rose.

It matters. He starts to move, quickly.

Lisa takes hold of his arm.

LISA
If you leave this room --

Anderson kisses her.

ANDERSON
Then I'm a cop, just trying to do his job.

He reaches for his duffel bag.

When the door closes behind him, Rose turns her head slightly and looks. And then her eyes drift closed, as she goes to a place deep within her own mind.

EXT. A STREET - THE SPRAWL - MOMENTS LATER

He passes by several cars on the street. But they're all auto-drive, they won't do him any good.

So he smashes a store window.

Within forty-five seconds a city police transport zooms up, lights flashing. Two city officers leap out of the transport. They approach the smashed-in store window, weapons drawn.

Which is a mistake. Anderson rises into view behind them, and sonically blasts a small crater in the sidewalk they are standing on.

As they trip and fall, he is already spraying them down with BindFoam.

Their second mistake is they left the engine running to power the bank of Nite Tracker lights on the car's hood and roof. Anderson screeches off through the choking predawn streets of The Sprawl, a beacon of light in the darkness.

INT. THE LAB

The DIGITAL CLOCK races through time. Witwer reaches his hand up and touches the vanishing numbers.

The camera pulls back, and we see Dr. Resfield and the two technicians bound and gagged in a heap in the corner.

And when we see the lab in its entirety, there sprawled on the floor in front of his chair is one of the Preocg brothers. A small rise of blood comes from a torn place in the back of his skull.

The other Precog sits very still in his chair. He is still connected to everything -- his helmet is in place, the IVs drip into him. His eyes are open, and when Witwer moves, the Precog's eyes follow him.

Witwer can feel them on him. He turns around.

WITWER
Is he coming? No? Yes? Maybe?
(beat)
I think yes.

The Precog looks at him.

WITWER
And <u>you</u> think yes.

Witwer points to the tv screen, running Anderson's murder of Witwer. Witwer smiles triumphantly.

WITWER
Infallibly, immutably <u>yes</u>.

The Precog looks at him. Witwer's smile vanishes, and suddenly strides across the room, and claps his hand over the Precog's eyes. Then he turns, and stares again at the clock.

EXT. THE PRECOG ENGINEERING LAB

Three officers stand thirty feet apart in front of the building, facing outward toward the parking lot, weapons cradled in their arms.

Behind them is a line of yew bushes. As we watch, the officer on the left is yanked off his feet backward into the bushes. Several moments pass, and the same thing happens to the officer on the right.

The officer guarding the front entrance casually looks right. Then he looks hard. He grips his weapon tight, and swings left. No one there, either.

ANDERSON drops him hard, from behind. The officer crumples onto the cement.

But Anderson's not done with him. Anderson lifts him up, struggles to drag him forward toward the entrance.

Anderson holds him upright in place. The man's head lolls backward. Which is perfect for what Anderson needs to do. Anderson reaches his fingers towards the man's closed eyes. He pulls up on the eyelids.

An IdentiScan over the entrance clicks on and reads the man's eyes. Access granted, the doors HISS open. Anderson enters the building, dragging the officer with him.

INT. THE LAB

Anderson enters the lab. The very building sickens him. What he sees sickens him even more.

The remaining Precog sits strapped into his chair. Witwer sits beside him in the other Precog chair, the dead brother

at his feet. Witwer wears the dead Precog's helmet. His hand is in his lap, holding a gun.

He grins when Anderson appears. He takes off the helmet, drops it on the floor.

WITWER
I figured, since I can see the future, too, maybe I could get a little disc action going.
(beat)
Just kidding.

Anderson stares at his old partner. Then he looks up at the digital clock. Five-seventeen AM. Witwer looks too, then turns back to Anderson.

WITWER
You find you been doing that a lot this week? Looking at clocks?
(beat)
Three minutes to go.

Anderson turns to the tv.

ANDERSON
There's never anything good on, you know?

Now Witwer smiles.

WITWER
There. <u>That's</u> the old Paul.

ANDERSON
You're not the old Ed. You've lost it.

Witwer rises from the chair, the gun in his hand.

WITWER
<u>You</u> lost it. You went weak in the knees, partner.

ANDERSON
I'm not your partner.

Witwer looks at him sadly.

WITWER
The air went out of you when Frank D'Ignazio killed himself.

ANDERSON
He was guilty. I accepted that.

WITWER
No you didn't. The doubts were creeping in on you. The lab trying to engineer more Precogs ... Malcolm pressuring you to expand ...

Witwer reaches out and gently touches the remaining Precog brother's cheek.

WITWER
Belief is the basis of the system. It was your job to be the ultimate believer.

Witwer is breathing hard. He lifts a hand and wipes the sweat from his face.

WITWER
And when Frank died, you faltered. I'm a cop, I see into the hearts of men.
(beat)
And the thing about you is, you wouldn't have just walked away.

ANDERSON
Never been my style.

Witwer gives him the flicker of a smile.

WITWER
Precrime needs to grow. You would have stood in its way. The Security Panel wouldn't have understood that. What you're capable of. What a bulldog you are.
(beat)
Look what you've been doing to us all week. Amazing. You're the best.

ANDERSON
So you took matters into your own hands.

WITWER
I understood the threat. I understood you.

Anderson looks at the dead Precog.

ANDERSON
You killed a Precog. You ended the system you wanted to protect.

WITWER
Wrong. This lab will make more. Believe it, Paul.

They look at the CLOCK. Five-nineteen.

ANDERSON
Knowing the exact moment of your death -- it's made you crazy, Ed.

Witwer looks at the tv. The TV REALITY is almost in synch with what is happening in the room.

Witwer lifts his gun -- and then realizes something is terribly wrong.

Anderson is standing there before him just as he is on the disc -- except there is a major difference.

WITWER
You sonofabitch!

Anderson lifts up both hands.

WITWER
You didn't bring your gun!

ANDERSON
That's right. No gun.

WITWER
You see?! That's exactly what I'm talking about. You don't believe!

Anderson just looks at Witwer, raging at him.

WITWER
The system is infallible.

ANDERSON
Doesn't seem to be.

Witwer reaches behind him and pulls a second gun from out of his belt.

WITWER
I guess that's why I've always carried two.

He tosses the gun to Anderson. It clatters at Anderson's feet.

ANDERSON
You can't have it both ways. You don't want to die. That's why you lured me here -- to kill me first.
(beat)
But if you don't die, the system is flawed, and you couldn't live with that.

Witwer SHOOTS him once, in the right thigh. Anderson cries out, falls to the concrete floor.

WITWER
Pick it up!

Anderson speaks through his teeth.

ANDERSON
It doesn't happen.

Witwer looks frantically at the tv, at the clock.

He reaches over and opens the dripmeter on a piggy back IV feeding into the Precog's main line. A thick, yellow fluid begins to flow toward the Precog's jugular vein.

WITWER
You're killing him, partner.

And what choice, finally, does Anderson have? He reaches for the gun.

ANDERSON
Let's not do this, Ed.

Witwer trains his gun on Anderson. Anderson trains his gun on Witwer.

ANDERSON
Oh, Ed ...

Witwer lowers his gun. And stands there between Anderson and the doomed Precog.

The yellow liquid has almost reached the Precog's jugular.

Anderson shoots Witwer, once in the heart. Witwer is thrown back across the room, against a wall, beneath the clock.

Anderson drags himself to the Precog, and rips the yellow IV out of the main line. The yellow drips onto the floor, mingling with Witwer's red.

Anderson crawls to his friend, and cradles him. Witwer whispers something, and Anderson leans close to hear him.

WITWER
Now do you believe?

Anderson pulls away from Witwer, and lets him take his last breaths alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

DARKNESS

And then, slowly emerging from the mists of darkness, a pale, beautifully proportioned FACE.

It is Rose's face. The camera pulls back and we see that she is lying on a grassy hillside. Her brother is lying beside her.

They are looking up at the night sky, at a sky filled with stars.

Rose stares up into the sky, and speaks in a soft voice to her brother.

ROSE
James. Can you guess what I'm thinking?

JAMES
(beat)
No.

James smiles. And then, after a long moment, so does Rose.

THE END